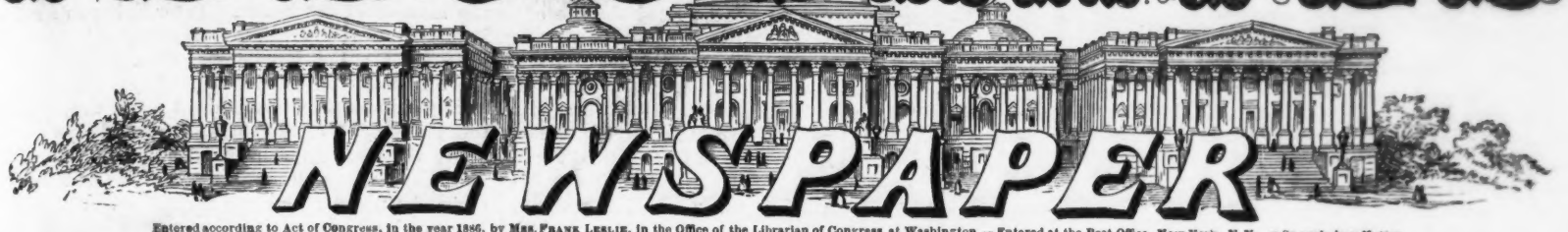


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THE LATE SAMUEL J. TILDEN.
FROM A RECENT PHOTO. BY SABOTY.—SEE PAGE 407.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 14, 1886.

MR. TILDEN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

MR. TILDEN'S steady rise through Municipal, State, and National politics to the foremost place among American statesmen of his generation was the triumph of intellectual greatness. He possessed, or at least manifested, few of the qualities which appeal successfully to the emotional side of human nature. He mastered the minds, not the hearts, of those who gradually came to look to him as their counselor and chieftain. The arts of the demagogue he despised; the legitimate expedient of moral and sentimental persuasion he seldom employed. The eloquence that works upon the affections and the passions was not his gift. His individuality was not so conspicuously attractive as to win love and compel obedience; indeed, it was always an almost unknown quantity to the great majority of those who followed and trusted him. Without magnetism of presence, without heroic prestige, without the personal characteristics that charm the imagination, without uncommon force or persistency of will even, he nevertheless attained a commanding influence in party councils and the country's affairs. Sheer intellect gave him supremacy and enduring fame; and in this respect, perhaps, the life just ended has no parallel in the career of any American statesman who has been Mr. Tilden's contemporary during the past fifty years.

Samuel J. Tilden was an original thinker, a profound philosopher; a master of analysis, recombination, presentation. Nature equipped him with an intelligence as tireless as it was comprehensive. His earliest political writings, when, as a boy of nineteen, he attacked the heresy of Nullification and grappled with the difficult problems relating to the national finances under Jackson's and Van Buren's Administrations, show the same mental grasp and clear reasoning as distinguish his later papers and speeches. One can go back to the very beginning of the remarkable series of essays which are Tilden's political monument without finding a sign of immaturity, a trace of the crudeness or haste of youth. His intellectual method was the same throughout life; the same in politics, in law, in business affairs. Thorough and patient mastery of the facts, down to the minutest details; cautious procedure from particular to general; and then strong and cogent statement that was usually convincing. Mr. Tilden sought to dominate by the force of ideas. He was sparing of words, in public and in private. He valued, perhaps, too lightly the moral effect of attitude and rhetoric. From first to last the growth observable in his career is not so much in the development of his own faculties as in the widening range of his operations and the increasing belief on the part of others that here was a leader whose whispered wisdom was worth more towards political success than the shouts of all the loud-lunged in the Democratic party.

This estimate of Mr. Tilden's purely intellectual powers does not imply any question of the sincerity of his motives or the genuineness of his patriotism. Because he was very persuasive, it does not follow that his purposes were sinister. Because he accomplished results by the consummate skill of his partisan management, it does not follow that the value of his services to city, State, party and nation was any the less. Great were those services, and enduring his work. New York owes to him more than to any other one man the overthrow of the Tweed Ring. The State owes to him the destruction of the corrupt combination of Democrats and Republicans which had fastened itself upon the canal system—a reform that resulted in an almost immediate saving to the taxpayers of about \$8,000,000 a year. The Democratic party owes to him the issues, and, in a large measure, the organization, by means of which it regained, in 1874, the control of the House of Representatives, a majority of the State Governments, and finally the National Executive. The country owes to him the first clear formulation of the demand for the retrenchment of expenditure, the exposure of corruption, the reformation of abuses, a more business-like administration, and a sound, honest fiscal policy. Mr. Tilden's issues are still the issues in politics, and his ideas continue to be fruitful.

It is profitless to discuss now the great question that will always be inseparable from the memory of Mr. Tilden's career. At least one-half of the citizens of the United States believe that he was fairly elected as President in 1876, and that he was robbed of the office, and the country defrauded of its choice. On the other hand, a great many of those who hold this belief believe also that to Mr. Tilden's indecision at the critical moment—his indisposition to commit himself to a definite policy, his deliberate and cautious weighing of consequences when action and not ratiocination was demanded—the inauguration of Mr. Hayes was due. It is tolerably certain that in similar circumstances a man like Grant, or perhaps a man like Hancock, would have had what he believed to be his rights, or would have been destroyed in fighting for them. Mr. Tilden's friends will be slow to admit that his cause was lost through his own timidity—yet in a qualified sense that is true. Mr. Tilden's fear was not personal cowardice; it was apprehension of the

tremendous misfortune to the country which a determined stand on his part would invoke—fear of loading the Democratic party with the obloquy of a renewal of civil strife. There is one way of looking at Mr. Tilden's forbearance during the electoral controversy which makes it appear in the light of sublime self-sacrifice, the greatest of all the services which the statesman ever rendered the country.

For the last ten years Mr. Tilden lived the life of a private citizen, honored in retirement, and happy in pursuits congenial to his tastes. He survived Grant, whose successor he was to have been; Hancock, who was nominated instead of him in 1880; Hendricks, who was urged that year to accept again the second place on the old ticket with the assurance that if elected he would in all human probability succeed to the Presidency before the end of the term. Superior to all thought of personal ambition, Mr. Tilden twice declined a renomination that meant election to the office that is Statesmanship's highest prize. Both of his letters of renunciation were couched in language of noble dignity, and they formed a fitting culmination to his remarkable career.

Mr. Tilden lived long enough to receive from those who had been his bitter political enemies the tribute due not only to profound wisdom, but also to unswerving loyalty and lofty patriotism. If his memory does not inspire love, it will command increasing respect and admiration; while the writings which he has left will give him rank second only to that of Thomas Jefferson as a philosopher and an expounder of the principles of American democracy.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

UNDER the bureaucratic Government of France, where the whole Republic is governed from Paris, the elections, as under the Empire, indicate rather the comprehensiveness of the central political control than the varying opinions of the French people. In the recent general election of over fourteen hundred Councilors-general, 847 Republicans were chosen and 411 Conservatives, leaving 177 districts in which no choice was made, because a plurality vote does not elect. The second balloting may slightly increase the gains of the Conservative party, which in any event will not probably exceed twenty or twenty-five. This is too insignificant a change in the relations of parties upon which to base any general deductions. It is quite apparent that the people at large have taken little interest in the expulsion of the Princes, and that while some of these personages were not especially obnoxious to any but the extreme Radicals, their misfortunes are viewed for the most part with indifference. The fact is that since the "ignominious and almost instantaneous smashing down" of France by Germany, to use the expressive language of Carlyle, there has been no disposition to return to that form of personal government which Frenchmen regard as the source of all their woes. Monarchical ideas, while not dead in France, are no longer potent factors in public affairs. The Republic was founded to last by that great man, Thiers, and his lofty character and conservative example have been restraining influences upon a naturally turbulent people. President Grévy, the opposite of a gifted or brilliant Executive, has also, by his moderation and prudence, strengthened the faith of the French people in the endurance and in the advantage of a Republic. Perhaps it is better that France should be governed by second-rate men. The French, with a Rouher or a Gambetta at the head, would be seeking foreign conquests or attempting dazzling strokes of policy at home, which would inevitably end in trouble. An Administration controlled by men of average ability, with a sense of the gravity of their office, will secure in that country far greater stability to existing forms than one of an opposite character.

THE STATUS OF WOMAN IN RUSSIA.

IF in many ways Russia lags behind other civilized nations in the race of reform, there are not lacking even there cheering signs of the dawn of a better day. The movement for the higher education, and moral and social enfranchisement, of woman, in spite of the hindrances imposed by despotic customs, has not only found its way into that country, but attained a most surprising growth. The fact illustrates the truth that the reform itself, instead of being the result of individual caprice, as many suppose, and therefore destined to ultimate failure, springs from the heart of our advancing civilization, and is no more to be resisted than the general progress of human thought. It is one of the revolutions that can never go backward, for it has behind and underneath it the common sense of the world.

The growth of this reform in Russia in the last twenty years has indeed been remarkable. At first the Government frowned upon it, and when women sought admission to the universities they were repulsed. But when the Czar observed that the zeal of Russian women compelled them to seek an education in France and Switzerland, and that they afterwards came back full of new ideas deemed dangerous in his dominions, he thought it expedient to make concessions, and a sort of "annex" for women was established at each of the Universities of Moscow and St. Petersburg. Later, medical lectures were provided for them at St. Petersburg; and now Russia has nearly four hundred women physicians, all licensed by provincial governors. A short time ago,

when a court of justice had to sit in judgment upon the sanity of an accused woman, the expert employed was Madame Boukovtser, physician in the lunatic asylum at Saratow. This is, we believe, the first time, either in Europe or America, that a woman has filled this high position.

Two centuries ago, even among the superior classes, the Russian woman lived isolated from the world, after the manner of the harem. Peter I. began a reform by issuing a decree creating "assemblies" of men and women for social intercourse, thus giving women for the first time the benefit of society. Before this, the riding-whip of the husband, at once the symbol and the instrument of his power, was always suspended above the bed of the husband and wife.

In Russia, as well as here, the cause of woman is associated with the patriotic aspirations of the country. During the late war with Turkey, the lady medical students went to the front and acquitted themselves with distinguished credit. Some of them took the superintendence of hospitals, and by their skill, courage, and devotion, won universal applause.

TAKING VACATION TOO SERIOUSLY.

THE difficulty of compelling the essentially restless American to take entire rest is curiously illustrated in the growth of Summer schools. Time was when a vacation was deemed unnecessary by the majority of our people. It was considered the luxury of the rich, and at the most a privilege for children. This idea happily passed away, and the taking of vacations became an almost universal custom. So far, so good. Here is a distinct gain, which has been frequently recognized, and upon which we have congratulated ourselves not a little. But just at the time when the value of recreation seemed to be everywhere conceded we discover that it is becoming popular to continue work, under the disguise of vacation-taking, with merely a change of localities. It is hard for the American to "stay put." It is almost impossible for him to resign himself to the idleness which is the second nature of warmer-blooded races. The New England farmer who takes a day from his farm duties to go fishing, works over the preparation for carrying out of his little trip almost as painfully as if in the hayfield, and he measures the success of the day not by abstract enjoyment of sunshine and beautiful scenery and freedom, but by the size of his "catch" and the number of meals which his fish will supply. This may be an extreme case, but it illustrates the American craving to be doing something, getting some return, or accomplishing some "self-improvement," even at a time when body and mind cry out for absolute rest.

If vacation means anything at all, it means freedom from mental strain and customary physical fatigue. But if we look about us, we find thousands of zealous people scattered over the country who are passing their so-called Summer vacations in hard brain-work. The camp-meeting possibly was the beginning, for its theory was that the outdoor life was healthful, and no account was taken of the exhausting effects of religious excitement, of participation in the exercises, and the increased difficulty of performing domestic duties which fell chiefly upon the women. But this was a different matter from the Summer schools. The Concord School of Philosophy arose to be the target of comic paragraphers the country over. Various learned people have perspiringly written learned papers, and read them to perspiring audiences in the little shingle temple on a Concord hillside. Various enthusiasts have gathered for the contemplation of the sages and the midsummer discussion of recondite themes, when enthusiasts and sages together would have been doing better to be lying on the sea-sand listening to the waves, or drowsing over an utterly unintellectual novel in the shade of mountain-pines. The name of Chautauqua has proved a rallying-point for the multitude of those who yearn for "self-improvement," and far be it from us to deny the excellence of the Chautauqua theory, or the benefits derived from the schools. But we think it time to ask seriously whether this idea of Summer study is not being carried too far? Summer schools of philosophy, of modern languages, of the classics, of science, music and art, tempt the over-conscientious brain-worker on every side. Is a woman—a teacher, for example—who has been laboring faithfully in her classroom for nine months, likely to find the relaxation which she needs in the study of Dante and of philosophy at Concord? Is the wearied brain of an editor or *littérateur* to be refreshed by devotion to the study of modern languages at Chautauqua, or at some other of the schools now so common everywhere? Some men are, doubtless, so constituted that they can find relaxation in a change from their usual cares to the consideration of logarithms; but we believe that the majority, especially brain-workers, require a period of entire rest in the Summer. The broker who reads the "ticker" almost hourly at Long Branch or Saratoga, sending and receiving telegrams meantime, is not obtaining rest, and neither is the brain-worker who continues to draw heavy drafts upon his or her brain. Mental stagnation for a long time no one advocates; but we do say that when vacation-time comes, it should be vacation in fact as well as in name. We still need to avoid "taking our pleasures sadly"; we need to soften the characteristically New England conscientiousness

which cries out against a moment's waste of time. It is not a sin to "loaf and invite one's soul" now and then, and the time for this is the Summer vacation.

THE HAMPTON INSTITUTE INVESTIGATED.

WE wonder if any scheme of disinterested philanthropy ever did, or ever can, escape the hostility of jealous, ignorant and meddlesome cranks! Not long since a little swarm of these pestiferous folk fastened itself upon the Hampton (Va.) Institute—now for many years under the care of that enlightened and eminent teacher, General Armstrong, whose work in fitting children of African or Indian birth for usefulness as American citizens has been the admiration of the whole country—and succeeded in getting the Legislature of Virginia to appoint a committee to investigate its complaint. The institution was charged with having for years past "violated its legitimate purposes by carrying on business and industries which bring it in eager rivalry and competition with almost every trade and occupation prosecuted by citizens and residents of the County of Elizabeth City." The meaning of this is that General Armstrong, in teaching the Negro and Indian boys and girls the use of tools, leads them to manufacture some useful articles, which are sold in the market, either for their own benefit or that of the institution. As these boys and girls pay tribute to no labor organization, their right thus to employ their time and ingenuity is called in question, and the power of the State is invoked to strike their tools from their hands, and doom them to ignorance of every industrial pursuit.

Was ever a more preposterous demand made upon any Legislature? The reader will not wonder that General Armstrong found it easy to answer the complainants, to show that their so-called "facts" were misrepresentations, and to demonstrate the public value and importance of the work of the institution. He was indeed on his mettle, while the committee pursued the investigation in a candid and impartial way, with no lack of thoroughness. Their reports will probably prove a boomerang for the petitioners. The notion that "organized" laborers alone have a right to work and to sell their products in open market must, ere long, be scorned by all sensible people as arrant folly.

THE ABBÉ LISZT.

THE life which closed at Bayreuth the other day adds another to the long list of illustrations, furnished by the history of art, of the fact that early precocity is not inimical to genius, but rather adds opportunity for its ampler development. It is, however, as a contribution to the study of the influence of circumstances upon creative genius that the career of the great composer is especially interesting; for it is a noteworthy fact that the bulk of his creative work was done under the sunshine of prosperity and the influence of a religious mysticism which, though it no more regulated the personal relations of his life than it did the life of Goethe (of whom in many respects we are also reminded by the circumstances of Liszt's career), did yet most assuredly elevate and clarify his fancy and deepen and intensify his experience. Although he had before his fifteenth year composed and produced with most flattering and encouraging success his one-act opera "Don Sanche," and several piano pieces, it was not till after twenty years of hard labor at teaching and concert-giving—not until after he had established that reputation as interpreter of other men's music which made him to be considered the co-creator of their works—not until he had achieved such financial success as had enabled him to settle 100,000 francs upon his mother, as much more upon his children, and to bestow large sums in charity—that he set himself deliberately to the work of creation. He had passed through all phases of religious feeling during those twenty arduous years. From the fervent Catholic faith of his early boyhood he had plunged into Saint-Simonianism, Fourierism, Skepticism; returning at last, through the influence of Lamennais, to a religious mysticism which was an echo of the ardent faith of his youth, and finding in those quasi Holy Orders by which he became Abbé Liszt in partibus some degree of fulfillment of the passionate yearning for the priesthood which had then possessed him.

It was under the sun of this worldly prosperity and this religious heart-calm that he began, in 1847, a new phase of life at Weimar, where, like the great genius of whom in so many respects he reminds us, he became director of affairs artistic. It was here that he composed the greater number of the 179 *opera* which were the product of an industry as tireless as the genius which inspired it; here the Symphonic Poems—including the "Héroïde Funèbre" and the "Préludes"—and the Hungarian Rhapsodies saw the light. The religious works, which belong to a later period—the Grander Fest-Messe (the "Missa Solennis") and the "Christus," among many others—were composed under the same genial influences of prosperity and settled faith, though amid other surroundings, his time being then much divided between Weimar, Rome, Pesth—where also he was Musical Director—and Bayreuth, where his strong personal magnetism added much to that ardent championship to which for years he gave himself, with all the strength of an indomitable will and untiring perseverance.

This power of zealous and loyal friendship is, perhaps, that which the world will best love to remember of this man, now that he is dead. Insincere in his relations with women, disloyal to the mother of his children, as a friend he was loyalty itself. It was he who made Berlioz known to Germany; he who revealed Chopin to the world; he by whose championship Wagner's operas have ceased to be "the music of the future." There seems not to have been the shadow of a trait of jealousy in all his large heart. Chivalry, charity, largeness of soul—it is by these qualities, modified as to the facts we have named, that we are glad to remember him now.

MR. BLAINE ON EDUCATION.

IT seems to be one of the happy faculties of Mr. James G. Blaine to throw a strong light upon whatever subject he undertakes to discuss. In an address delivered the other day before a branch of the Chautauqua Association, in Maine, he referred to some of the unfavorable tendencies developed in our higher education in

recent years. One danger besetting our colleges and universities is the enormous increase in the expense involved in securing a liberal education in them. Students are no longer on an equality, as they should be, and as they are at West Point and Annapolis, in the matter of expenditures. The sons of rich parents are allowed, and even encouraged in spending, very large sums annually, which other students are not able to expend. Hence an aristocracy of purse—the lowest aristocracy known among men—is springing up in our oldest institutions of learning, which will mar their usefulness, if not destroy them. Indigent students, who are aided from charitable funds, or who work their way through college by ringing the chapel-bell, like Garfield, are no longer the social peers of the wild students with unlimited means at their disposal. The experience of all college-bred men who have reached fifty will sustain Mr. Blaine's reasoning in this, that while they were able, thirty years ago, to pass comfortably through college on a yearly allowance of a hundred dollars, their sons tell them that they must have one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year to get along "respectably" at Harvard or Yale. In other words, it now costs more to remain one year in our larger colleges than it formerly cost to remain six years. There is something wrong about this. The salaries of the tutors and college professors have not increased in this ratio.

Mr. Blaine finds that this danger of too great "expanse" exists also in the range of the education itself. The students who are pampered in college while studying their professions, and who often add to this two years in professional schools abroad, are ill-fitted to earn their own living in the crowded professions at home. They acquire tastes, affectations and foreign ways and habits that render it difficult for them to please plain people and matter-of-fact men from whom their living must come. In a word, Mr. Blaine would favor concentration of attention and studies upon the work in life to be pursued, and economy of time in getting at that work in the earliest years of youth practicable. There may be, he thinks, too much time spent in theoretical education and in intellectual dissipation to give young men success in bread-winning, and in the practical work of our very practical world. Especially is this true of those who engage in the business of banking, merchandising or manufacturing. But does this fact sustain Mr. Blaine's argument, or does it show that his logic proves too much? namely, that in the race for riches, the boy who enters a store or a grocery when his schoolmate enters college will get ahead faster and know more about business at twenty-one than the college graduate will know at twenty-five. Business men invariably prefer those for assistants who have been "brought up in the business." Money-getting is not taught in college.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE meeting of the British Parliament on the 5th instant attracted comparatively little attention, and the opening proceedings were altogether without significance. In the House of Commons, Messrs. Gladstone, Hartington, Chamberlain and Morley occupied seats together on the front Opposition bench, and there was no evidence whatever of bitterness or antagonism. In fact, it seems altogether probable that, except as to the Home Rule question, the Liberal dissidents and the Gladstonians will work in harmony. At a meeting of the Liberal-Unionists, the day before Parliament reassembled, Mr. Chamberlain accepted Lord Hartington's leadership, and the latter strongly urged the co-operation of the Liberal sections in an effort to secure useful legislation. Towards that end he advised that the Unionists should take seats with the rest of the Liberals in the Commons, and so at once identify themselves with them. Lord Hartington expressed entire confidence in the speedy consolidation of the party, and with this sentiment Mr. Chamberlain expressed his fullest sympathy. These avowals of the Unionists, followed as they have been by Liberal fraternization in the Commons, are interpreted as a distinct notification to the Conservatives that, outside of the Irish question, they need not expect the support of any Liberal section. There are not wanting other signs that the alliance of the Conservatives and the Unionists cannot long endure. In Birmingham the Radicals, with the approval of Mr. Chamberlain, oppose the re-election to Parliament of Mr. Matthews, the newly appointed Home Secretary, and support a Liberal candidate who favored the Home Rule Bill in the last Parliament. The Tories are, of course, furious at the "Radical violation of faith"; but their rage does not seem to alarm the Chamberlainites in the least.

Mr. Gladstone has announced that he feels compelled to abandon the practice of replying to all letters addressed to him, which he has hitherto pursued, the strain of conducting a personal correspondence "with not less than twenty thousand persons each year" being greater than he can bear. In some quarters this announcement is believed to forecast the ex-Premier's retirement from public life, but such a conclusion is probably unwarranted. On the contrary, all the indications favor the belief that he proposes to keep up the fight for Home Rule with unabated vigor, seizing every opportunity which may offer to promote the policy to which he is committed.

Meanwhile the Parnellites have formally organized for the coming campaign on a basis of strict adherence to the ideas embodied in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measure. "No measure offering less legislative and executive control over Irish measures," they declare, will be accepted as a settlement. This determination puts an end to all hopes of compromise, if any have been entertained, on the part of the more sagacious Conservatives. So far there has been no authoritative statement as to Lord Salisbury's policy; but an address by one of his lieutenants has attracted some attention as probably indicating, in a general way, the course he will pursue. "The Government," said this speaker, "will pursue a policy just to every interest of Ireland and generous to every legitimate Irish aspiration. The Government will be firm in the execution of the law, while striving to remove the chief evils which Ireland suffers." The Ministry will find that glittering generalities of this sort are worse than useless as a foil to the positive and aggressive policy of Gladstone and Parnell.

A vigorous crusade against the gambling hells at Saratoga has just been commenced by the better class of citizens, and the indications are that the pernicious business will be pretty effectually broken up. Already there have been a number of arrests of employees of the gambling establishments, and the courts seem disposed to punish deservedly all persons arraigned for participation in gambling practices. Whether the reform will extend to betting on the races is not yet determined.

WHILE the Senate has confirmed some nominations that should have been rejected, it has been faithful to its duty as to some other appointments which were especially obnoxious. Among those rejected in its last hours was that of George P. Sanford to be Postmaster at Lansing, Mich. This person was charged with being a professional lobbyist, besides enjoying the distinction of having

been, within a few years, a member of four political parties: his last conversion having been induced by the hope of getting an office. Another Michigan postmaster was rejected on charges affecting his personal character and political record, one of the complaints against him being that he was a bitter Copperhead during the war, and narrowly escaped being mobbed for rejoicing over Lincoln's assassination. In both these cases the Democrats united with the Republicans in voting to reject. The appointments were due, it is believed, to deceptions practiced upon the President by certain Democratic "bosses" in Michigan.

It is difficult to understand why the consideration of the Extradition Treaty with England should have been postponed by the Senate until its December meeting. The treaty is just as intelligible now as it will be at any other time, and if it is to be ratified at all, there are several good and excellent reasons why it should be done with as little delay as possible. On the other hand, if the convention is unsatisfactory and inadequate, why did not the Senate reject it at once and open the way for further negotiations looking to a new and improved treaty?

It is pleasant to be assured, as we are upon the authority of the *Charleston News and Courier*, that the practice of dueling is no longer tolerated by the public opinion of South Carolina, and that the reform bids fair to be permanent. Juries there are yet too lenient in dealing with the man who comes before them reeking with the blood of his fellow-man slain in the heat of passion; but the paper above named thinks there is no county in the State where a duelist would escape sure and prompt conviction. For several years there has not been a duel in the State.

ONE of our religious journals cites the fact that of the sum of \$191,432 allowed the inmates of French prisons in a single year as their share of the money received for their labor, only \$14,302.20 was by them devoted to their families, while \$177,058.20 was expended upon themselves, and only \$70.80 paid to those whom they had robbed. This statement revives the mooted question whether the labor of the convict should not be devoted to the remuneration of the party he has wronged. This is a problem in political economy and statecraft that deserves to be carefully considered.

THE Morrison surplus resolution, which passed both Houses of Congress in a modified form, failed to receive the President's approval before the adjournment, and the operations of the Treasury will not, therefore, be embarrassed, for the present at least, by any unusual restrictions. No doubt the effort to embody the Morrison idea as to the surplus in statutory form will be renewed at the December session; but the voice of the people in the coming elections will probably so strongly condemn any interference with the Treasury policy, that the second attempt to do an unwise thing will share the fate of the first.

ONE of the last Bills passed by Congress was that authorizing an expenditure of \$3,500,000 for the construction and armament of two armored naval vessels, each with a complete torpedo outfit, one fast cruiser, and one first-class torpedo-boat. The last Congress appropriated money for the construction of two cruisers and two gunboats; and besides these, there are the *Atlantic*, *Chicago* and *Easton*, now nearly completed. Thus, when all these vessels are ready for sea, we shall have two six-thousand-ton ironclads, six cruisers, three gunboats, a torpedo-boat and a dispatch-boat, all the larger ships being powerful vessels. We shall have also five powerful monitors. It looks as if, after a while, we may have something of a navy.

ONCE in a while Secretary Lamar asserts himself. Recently Miss Esther A. Meikleham, a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, and the sole support of an aged and infirm mother, was removed from a clerkship in the Patent Office. The removal appears to have been made in the regular course of business by the Board charged with the selection of officials to be dismissed, and in obedience to the custom of sacrificing those who have no partisan "usefulness." The Secretary, not appreciating this way of doing things, peremptorily ordered Miss Meikleham to be reinstated, and the lady thus handsomely triumphs over the petty personages who imagined that she could be kicked out with perfect safety. Would it not be a good thing, now, to dismiss the Board itself?

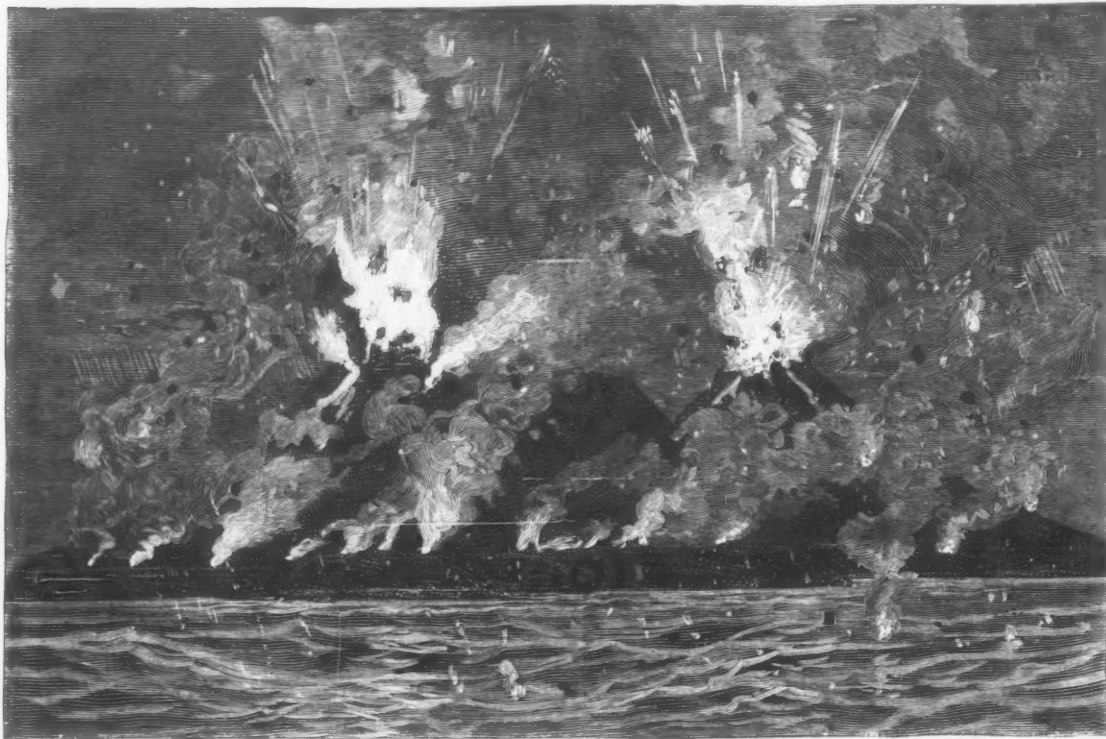
ANCIENT history has other ways of compelling public attention besides repeating itself. One of these ways, which is by no means uncommon, is the medium of the courts, through which the disputes and differences of our forefathers are handed down from generation to generation, as a sort of deathless legacy to posterity. Still another source through which names connected with the Revolutionary War are made to assume the somewhat Rip-Van-Winkle-like familiarity of contemporaries, is the unearthing of claims for something or other against the Treasury in Washington. The latest example is the claim presented to the First Auditor by a New York attorney for prize-money alleged to be due Commodore John Paul Jones for British vessels captured during the revolutionary struggle. The claim is made in behalf of the heirs of men to whom Commodore Jones is asserted to have assigned the prize-money in question. And the most singular part of the whole matter involving so distinguished a name is that the Treasury officials believe that the claim is valid, and that after due formalities and the proper proportion of red tape have been employed, the money will be paid.

FRENCH public opinion, which makes and unmakes heroes in a day, is suddenly "down" upon the dashing and ambitious Minister of War, General Boulanger. This violent change has been brought about by the unfortunate attempts of the general to explain away certain old letters written by him to the Duc d'Aumale, thanking the latter for procuring for him promotion in the Army. General Boulanger is charged with having at first denied both the obligation and the letters, though he has since admitted the authorship of the latter. To M. Limbourg, the representative of the Duc d'Aumale, he writes:

"I admit the authenticity of your letters, and excuse you for not appreciating your master's act or the labor you have undertaken. I scorn, moreover, to give you explanations which you could not comprehend. I am for the Republic against you and yours, and for this reason I have merited your hate. I wish to continue worthy of it. If ever your friends take a notion to pass from words to deeds, the author of the letters to the Duc d'Aumale will very energetically perform his duty."

The challenge implied in the last sentence has not yet been taken up. Meanwhile, the impression produced upon the country by General Boulanger's lack of candor is highly unfavorable. The Republican and even the Radical journals, with the exception of that of M. Rochefort, agree that the general's political prospects are seriously impaired.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 406.



NEW ZEALAND.—THE LATE ERUPTION OF MOUNT TARAWERA.



FRANCE.—M. LE BARON DE LAREINTY, SENATOR.



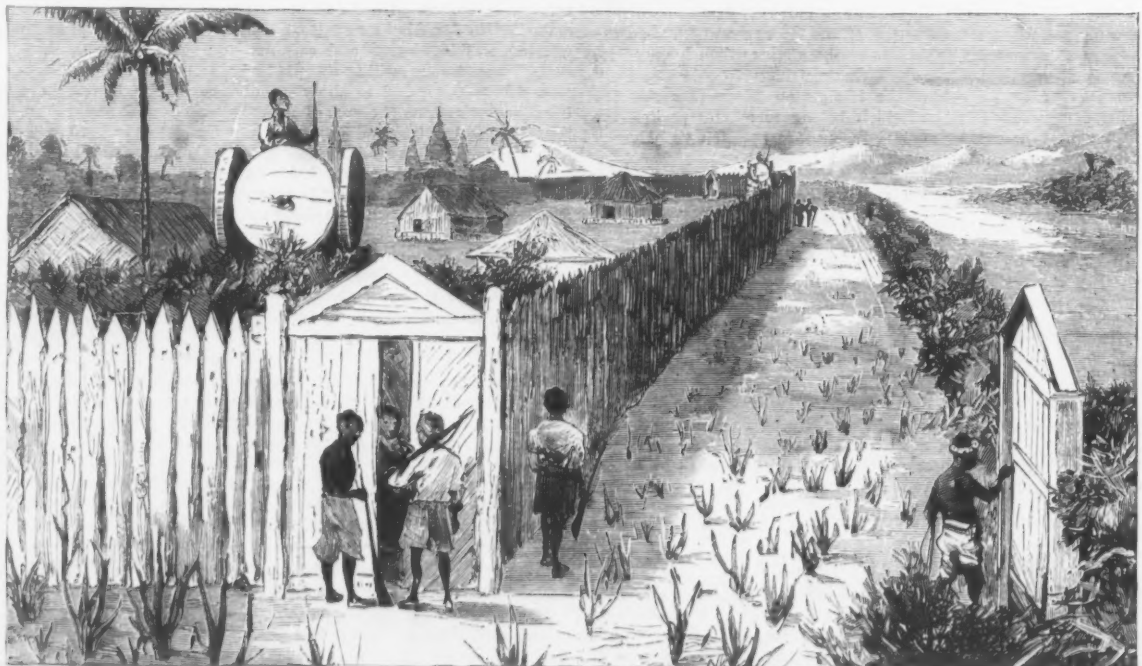
GERMANY.—THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.
THE FESTIVAL HALL AND UNIVERSITY.



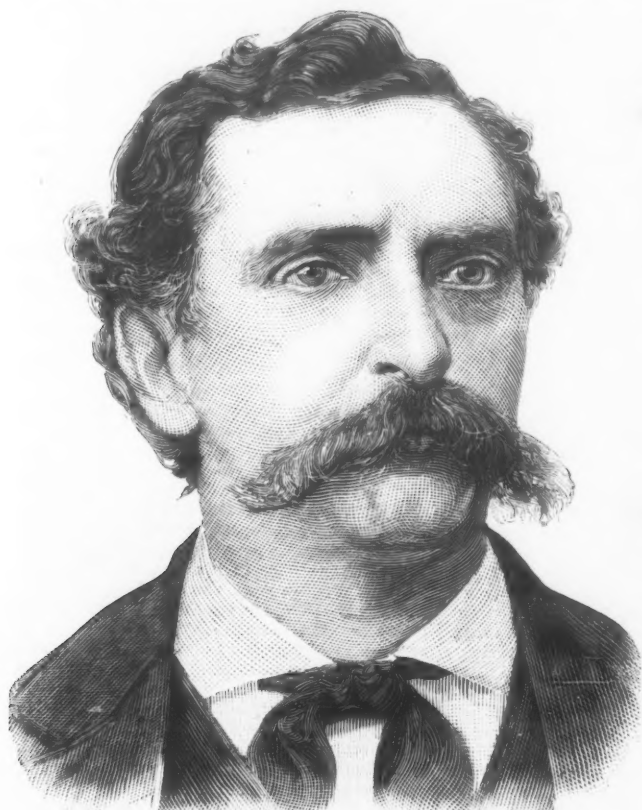
FRANCE.—THE RECENT DUEL BETWEEN GENERAL BOULANGER AND
BARON DE LAREINTY.



GERMANY.—FREDERICK, GRAND DUKE OF BADEN,
RECTOR OF HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.



BURMAH.—A VILLAGE IN A STATE OF DEFENSE AGAINST DACOITS.



MEXICO.—A. K. CUTTING, EDITOR OF "EL CENTINELA," PASO DEL NORTE.
PHOTO. BY T. C. BOLTON.—SEE PAGE 411.

THE DEATH OF LISZT.

THE death of Abbé Liszt, at Bayreuth, on Saturday, July 31st, followed close upon his recent triumphal visits to Paris and London. The *maestro* died in Herr Frolich's house, which stands near Wagner's villa. He was ill when he arrived at Bayreuth to attend the Wagner festival, and had to be carried to the opera-

house. During the performance of Tuesday, July 28th, he was nervous and tearful. He contracted a cold, which speedily turned into inflammation of the lungs. He lost strength rapidly, and on Friday he was delirious. On Saturday he had a slight return of reason, but he never rallied. He was seventy-five years old. Comment upon his artistic career will be found on our editorial page. The body of Abbé Liszt was buried temporarily in the Bayreuth Cemetery on the 3d inst. The funeral services were very simple. The coffin was covered with flowers. Wreaths and other floral emblems were sent by many of the ruling German houses. The funeral procession was headed by the fire brigade, and included relatives and pupils of the deceased, the municipal authorities, judges, artists of the Wagner Opera Company, and many citizens of Bayreuth.

THE "GALATEA" IN AMERICAN WATERS.

THE English racing-cutter *Galatea*, owned and sailed by Lieutenant W. Henn, R. N., arrived at Marblehead, Mass., on Sunday evening, the 1st inst. She had dropped down the Thames on the 27th of June, and left Southampton on the 30th. Her thirty-one days' voyage across the Atlantic was calm and uneventful, the elements having seemingly put themselves on their good behavior out of courtesy to the lady on board. Mrs. Henn, however, is no landswoman, having previously accompanied her husband on his Mediterranean cruises, when he made the cutter *Gertrude* conspicuous in the yacht-races in that part of the world.

The *Galatea*, which was described in No. 1,601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, was launched on the Clyde in May, 1885, and her dimensions are: Length over all, 100 feet; at water-line, 86 8-10 feet; beam, 15 feet; depth 13 feet 3 inches, and draught, 13 feet 6 inches. She was designed by Mr. J. Beavor-Webb, and is built of milled steel. Though unquestionably a fast yacht, she has not been successful as a prize-winner. In

the fifteen races in which she started last year, she came in first twice, second twice, and third four times. During the past Winter she was improved by an extensive overhaul; but though she has sailed three or four races since, she has not succeeded in capturing any first prize. She was built, however, expressly to challenge the New York Yacht Club for the *America's* cup, and her sport-loving owner believes that that trophy, the highest prize in all the



THE LATE ABBÉ LISZT.

yachting world, will yet be hers. Our own yachtsmen seem to have less fear of her than they had of the *Genesta*—not that they regard her as an inferior boat, but because they have learned to put more faith than ever in their own centre-board racers.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Henn have been cordially entertained at Marblehead; while the *Galatea*, with her automaton crew of twenty hearty English tars, is overrun with admiring visitors. In



THE COMING INTERNATIONAL RACES.—THE ENGLISH CUTTER "GALATEA," WITH LIEUTENANT HENN, HIS WIFE, AND THE CREW OF THE VESSEL.
FROM PHOTOS.

fact, the port held a general jubilee, during the greater part of last week, in honor of its guests. General Butler touched at Marblehead with the *America*, and visited the cutter on the day after her arrival.

Lieutenant Henn will remain some time in Eastern waters before he comes to New York. The *Galatea* will not be cleaned till just before the international races, and will not participate in any of the yachting events during the intervening period.

THE MYSTERY.

SHOULD not the dread of dying
Be soothed by the thought that we know
Millions have gone before us,
And that all of us have to go?
So, sooner or later the secret will be
Found out by you, as well as by me.

Perhaps there may be no secret to solve,
And the joys, the sorrows, the pleasures and
pains
That delight or distress us here below
Shall end with death—and by it we gain
The peace of sweet tranquillity,
The rest that shall eternal be!

To some, the thought of meeting again
With those who have only gone before
Is a pleasure so great, they long to go
And be with the loved ones ever more—
Still it's a mystery, fathomless, deep,
If death is but a dreamless sleep.

But why should the thought of dying
Distress either you or me,
When we know that each one living
Some day with the dead shall be?
But whether again the pulses beat,
The heart throb, or the eye shall see,
Still, still remains "The Mystery!"

STEPHEN MASSETT.

GAY FEATHER.

BY MARY E. BRUSH.

IT was nightfall of a November day. The dull red disk of the setting sun was slowly sinking behind the peak of a distant "divide." It dropped from the sharp point, and instantly a flood of mellow light poured along the sky, bringing out in bold relief the long, jagged outline of the range, tinting the white-capped peaks with soft rose color, and, by vivid contrast, making still blacker the wide expanse of the plains with their herbage burnt by recent fires. To the left was a small creek whose winding course was marked by a fringe of scrubby willows, and whose waters flowing down from the rocky heart of the mountain, were chilled by the eternal snows.

Suddenly, far to the eastward, there appeared amid the purple and brown shadows, a strange, lurid glow, and behind it, a writhing, serpentine length—like the trailing body of a huge dragon with a single gleaming eye. It swept along, the light grew larger, there was a prolonged whistle whose shrill echoes were repeated from the distant rocky recesses, and then the express with its long line of cars steamed into the little station at Amerilla and stopped short with many a snort and sizzle.

As usual, a crowd had assembled to greet its arrival. A score of miners "from up the gulch," several officers from the garrison, two or three Mexicans with clanking spurs and gay-striped blankets, together with sundry women and children—all laughing and chatting. To the left of the station, a party of Indians formed a picturesque group. All were mounted on shaggy ponies. Among them was a young girl with a smooth, well-shaped face, bright eyes and lithe form. She was dressed more gayly than the two elderly squaws who were her companions. A bright blanket was thrown over her slender shoulders, and beneath it was a dress of red and blue striped calico. Her small feet were incased in neat moccasins, trimmed with colored porcupine quills; a string of beads was around her neck, and in her long black hair were braided vari-hued feathers. Her face wore neither the heavy stolidity nor the half-repressed ferocity of her race—its expression was gentle, almost melancholy. There was a pathetic droop to the sensitive lips, and a mild, pleading look in her soft, dark eyes.

As the train stopped, she leaned forward on her pony, an eager, expectant look overspreading her face. Among the first to alight from the cars was a tall, handsome man, wearing an officer's uniform; and closely following him came the trim, dainty figure of a pretty young lady, who, amid the motley crowd, seemed like some delicate blossom dropped down in a tangle of weeds.

The women at the station stared at her with unaffected admiration, not unmingled with a little envy.

"Heigh! But she's a rare one!" exclaimed Jenny, the Scotch sergeant's wife. "She's as dainty as a bit of heather!"

"Humph! A stuck-up baggage, I'll warrant; though, for the matter o' that, her gown isn't silk even!" said Mrs. Grosse, the wife of the "agent," who, rich in her husband's spoils, glided in the possession of the only satin dress at Amerilla.

"Weel, she's a bonny bride, anyhow," persisted Jenny, "an' I don't wonder that the lieutenant looks proud of her."

"And I wonder what Gay Feather'll say," said Mrs. Grosse, with a disagreeable laugh and a knowing look at the Indian girl whom we have mentioned.

The latter caught both glance and remark. A faint, red glow overspread her dusky cheeks. She drew herself up proudly, uttered a brief word of command to her pony and dashed away through

the crowd, the mud from her horse's heels plentifully bespattering Mrs. Grosse's gown.

"Drat these redskins!" muttered the agent's wife.

But Gay Feather heeded not this benign remark. She kept steadily on her way towards where the rose-tinted sky bent down and touched the gloom of the earth. Her lithe form, gracefully erect, stood out in fine relief against the fast-fading light.

The young bride turned to look at her. "Isn't that one of your Indian belles?" she asked. "Isn't she pretty, Ellis? I wonder if I could ever learn to ride like that! Do look at her!"

"Hush!" said Lieutenant Armand. "Don't stop here."

His voice sounded strangely harsh, and, half-frightened at its tone, the pretty bride looked up into his face. It was white and stern, but relaxed a little at her appealing glance.

"I didn't mean to be severe, Amy," he said, pressing the small hand resting on his arm. "But I want to get into our cabin as quickly as possible. There's a rough set here, and I can't bear to have you stared at."

Young Mrs. Armand soon realized that she was indeed among a "rough set." She had had glowing anticipations of her new life in the wide, free West. Visions of new and radiant scenes, of bright flowers, of exhilarating rides over the breezy plains, of interesting acquaintance with noble specimens of the red man (*a la Uncas*), of manly miners and bold trappers—all these, and many more, had flitted through her innocent young brain, as she sat and sewed on her wedding finery. True, she found novelties, but there was little poetry. Instead, the plain prose of human nature, degraded beyond anything she had ever seen. Dirt and disorder, profanity, Sabbath-breaking and licentiousness—to tell the truth, Amerilla was not a pleasant place for a refined woman. But Lieutenant Armand had not thought much about that when he took his bride from her Eastern home. It was not in his selfish nature to be very considerate of others. Though not bad at heart, his early training had been void of those influences which tend to mold character aright, and his after-life had been wild and irregular. But he had determined to reform now, for he loved this fair New England maiden with no fleeting passion, but a strong, abiding affection. As for Amy, her devotion was sufficient to make her happy with her husband, even on this wild frontier.

There were times, though, when he was sent on duty to the fort or to various trading-stations that she could not help feeling lonely and homesick. Upon a certain day, during one of these instances, as she sat in her cabin, striving to interest herself in a book, she heard the voice of Mrs. Grosse, who lived next to her, raised in shrill anger.

"You go 'long, you impudent baggage! We don't want none o' your kind here! What if your young one is sick an' like to die—it'll be good riddance to bad rubbish! Go home to some of your Big Medicine Men an' let them chatter their gibberish over him! You shan't get nothin' here, so go 'long! Leave, I say, or I'll set the dog on ye!"

Amy Armand opened the door and looked out. A few rods away, crouching amid the knotted buffalo-grass, was the Indian girl she had noticed on the night of her arrival—Gay Feather. She had her little papoose with her—not strapped on her back, as was the custom, but carried tenderly in her arms. Its small face, whiter than and strangely unlike the weazen countenances of Indian babies in general, was wasted and pain-drawn. Poor Gay Feather's own face was haggard with anxiety.

She sprang to her feet as Amy approached her, and, uttering a brief exclamation in her native tongue, was about to move swiftly away. But the young wife laid her white, restraining hand on the dusky shoulder.

"Don't be afraid of me," she said, gently. "Tell me what you want, and, perhaps, I can help you."

Mrs. Grosse, with her red hands placed on her broad hips, regarded the two from her doorstep. She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh. "To think o' you a-talkin' to her!" she muttered, with a significance that was quite lost on Amy. And with that she went in, banging the door after her.

"Is your baby sick?" continued Amy.

Gay Feather seemed to hesitate before answering. A score of conflicting emotions swept over her face—surprise, suspicion, hate, grief and despair were in turn imprinted there. Yet somehow, Amy's sympathetic face and voice exerted a magic influence.

"Yes, papoose very sick—him die!" she said, at last, with a pathetic brevity.

"Oh, maybe not! He has a fever, I see. You want medicine for him?"

Gay Feather's face brightened. "Yes," she said. "But agent's squaw say No! She drove poor Indian away! Me believe Great Father at Washington not know what devil agent's wife is!" and there was an angry flash from the dark eyes.

Amy Armand was the eldest of a large family. She was used to children and children's diseases. Her practiced eyes saw at once what the baby needed, and, after asking a few questions, she ran into the cabin, and going to her medicine-chest, drew from it the required drugs. These, together with a few simple directions, she gave to Gay Feather, and with a softened, grateful look, the Indian girl departed.

Winter with its drifting snows and icy blizzards swept over the plains, burying the little station at Amerilla in temporary oblivion. But even the dreariest season comes to an end, and presently Amy Armand awoke to a consciousness that, after

all, nature had garments of beauty with which to clothe this barren desolation. With the coming of the Spring sunshine, the scrubby grass melted into a thick carpet, dotted here and there with the gorgeous blue, scarlet and yellow of Western blossoms. The pale green of the willows stood out against the darker color of the hills, and the creek, warm now and limpid, swept on amid flowery banks.

But in the midst of this freshness and beauty was a horror greater than that of storms and isolation—a horror that daily increased. Rumors came that the Indians on the neighboring reservation, rebellious after the long Winter of deprivation, and conscious that they had been shamefully cheated by the dishonest agent, were now, like hungry wolves, getting ready to spring forth upon their oppressors. As yet they were silent—but it was that sullen, ominous silence which precedes a storm. But here and there council-fires lighted up the evening shadows, and now and then an Indian dashed by, and a glimpse at his face revealed it dabbled in ochre and vermillion.

But this did not seem to trouble the agent. Job Grosse was a fit companion for his coarse spouse. He was an ignorant, rough fellow, wholly unprincipled in his dealings with the Indians. To him they were as so many dogs, to be kicked and cursed. He laughed contemptuously when some of his more timid companions hinted of war-paint and "pow-wows," and begged that he would have the feeble garrison reinforced.

The fact was, the station at Amerilla had never been so poorly guarded as now. Lieutenant Armand, together with a dozen men, had gone ten miles westward to a trading-station. It was not without misgivings that he left Amy behind. Well-trained soldier that he was, he sniffed danger from afar.

"Good-by, sweetheart," he said, at parting. "Take good care of yourself. I swear somehow I dread to leave you! But cheer up! When I come back, I will see if I can't get stationed at some larger post; it will be far safer and more pleasant for you."

A night or two after his departure, Amy was awakened from a sound sleep. She sat up in bed gazing about her with a bewildered air. For a minute everything was quiet. The soft moonlight of a May evening streamed in at the one small window, and away in the distance sounded the rippling waters of the creek. But suddenly demoniacal yells broke the serene silence. Then came pistol-shots and wild commotion. Trembling in every limb, Amy sprang from her bed and hurriedly dressed herself. Flushing a shawl around her, she opened the door and cautiously peered out.

It was as she had feared. The Indians were attacking the station. Already the air rang with the shrieks of the dying. Sick with horror, Amy turned to flee, she scarcely knew whither, when suddenly from out the shadow of a tall cottonwood tree near by, there sprang a lithe figure—it was Gay Feather.

"Come, paleface lady, come with me—quick!" she panted, seizing Amy by the arm.

For an instant the young wife hesitated. Was this treachery? she asked herself. Once glance at the Indian girl's sincere though anxious face reassured her.

"Where are we going?" she asked, as they sped along in the darkness.

"Me not tell now—no time talk! Hurry!"

Down among the willows by the creek was found the shaggy pony, tied, as Gay Feather had evidently left him.

"Him little, but strong," she said. "He carry us both."

They mounted the animal, and, guided by the Indian girl's careful hand, he stepped on briskly. Behind them the sky was all ablaze with the burning station. Before them the dark expanse of the plains stretched away till it met the silver-tipped gray of the horizon.

"You are very kind, Gay Feather," said Amy, patting the dusky arm thrown around her. "How came you to think of saving me?"

"Me know Indians kill um at station. Me no care for agent nor agent's squaw; and all the rest bad, too. But you—you give medicine for little papoose. He get well—laugh, crow, kick he's little foots. Me not want you killed, so me come—Hut!—what is that!"

Suddenly, like a dark wind-cloud, a band of warriors dashed by them, in mad pursuit of a fugitive soldier. The savages were too intent on overtaking their victim to perceive the horse and its riders, all of which were in the shadows of the willows. Instinctively, Gay Feather leaned forward to screen Amy from random shots, and as she did so a stray bullet pierced her own side.

Without a groan, she slipped from the saddle and sank upon the grass. The pony, as if conscious that some accident had taken place, stood still. Amy alighted and knelt beside the Indian girl.

"Gay Feather, my poor friend! Are you much hurt?" she whispered.

Gay Feather looked up and smiled.

"Me hurt bad—think. But never mind, pretty paleface! You take pony and go on. Follow creek. Keep in shadow—be careful—let no Indians get you. Hurry!"

"No! no! I can't leave you so! Do you hear, good girl?"

But the faithful Indian woman made no response; she had sunk into a state of unconsciousness.

Amy sat beside her and drearily waited. As long as she lives she will never forget that night! The distant yells died away; the lurid gleams from the burning station faded out of the sky; all was silent, save the moan of the night-wind and the murmur of the waters, sharply broken now and then by the yelp of a prowling coyote. After hours of agonizing suspense, a faint light began to tinge the eastern sky. Fleecy clouds of

rose and gold floated towards the zenith; the dingy brown of the plains took on a soft amethyst, deepened here and there by purple shadows; the white cones of far-away peaks seemed bathed in floating, misty glory. Thank God! the morning had come! With the rising of the sun was seen in the distance a party of horsemen, and it was with feelings of intense relief that Amy recognized the familiar dark-blue uniforms of army officers; and that relief was changed into great joy when she beheld, riding at the head of the band, her own husband, Lieutenant Armand. Mounting the pony and waving her shawl to attract attention, she dashed forward to meet him.

"Amy! you here? Thank God! We heard that an attack was to be made, and I have been riding hard ever since midnight. But how came you here, and saved?"

"It was dear, kind Gay Feather who saved me," said Amy.

"Gay Feather!" stammered her husband, his face turning red and then deathly pale.

In a few words as possible, Amy related the circumstances, at the same time leading him to the place where lay the Indian girl. She was still breathing, but it was with much difficulty. As they drew near, she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Me save your palefaced squaw, Lieutenant Armand," she said, in her low, musical voice. "She good squaw; you must be kind to her all your life!" Here she paused, and beckoned him to draw nearer. Reaching up two slender, brown arms, she drew his head down to her face, and whispered, in tones so faint that Amy could not hear: "Me tell her nothing, so you no fear! Don't cry—brave never cry—only squaw do that! Me forgive—"

The sentence was never finished, for the dark eyes closed, and poor Gay Feather was gone!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT TARAWERA.

We have already given an illustration of Lake Tarawera, New Zealand, the scene of the recent volcanic eruption, and this week add a picture of the eruption itself, as seen by an eye-witness. Tarawera Mountain, shown in our illustration, lies north and south, rising from the south end of the Tarawera Lake, two miles from Rotomahana, and was about 1,960 feet high, with three table tops, separated by two extinct craters, the formation of which is beyond the memory of man. Its surface of bare volcanic rock contained no vegetation except near the base. For fifteen generations the natives living near the spot have carried their dead to the top, where thousands of skeletons lay exposed, a sort of "tower of silence." The spot was very "tapu," and the Maoris have always held that any stranger going there would bring about a storm. They will probably now attribute the eruption to this cause. Although there are or were two craters on the top of the mountain, there has been no eruption within the memory of man, and the Maoris had no tradition whatever respecting this mountain, though there are innumerable traditions respecting other eruptions in the north mountain.

THE BOULANGER-LAREINTY DUEL.

The recent pistol-duel, fought at Meudon, near Paris, between General Boulanger, the French Minister of War, just now so conspicuous in the military and political world, and the Baron de Lareinty, an equally brave and almost as famous soldier, was as harmless as the generality of such affairs—which, nevertheless, are taken very seriously in France. The principals were placed in position at twenty-five paces apart. General Boulanger, according to the *Gaulois* account, aimed at Lareinty, and at the word "Two" he lowered his pistol plainly, and a dull snap was heard. Seeing this movement, and, as the word "Three" was given, Baron de Lareinty fired obliquely, and then, advancing towards Boulanger, he said in an angry tone: "General, why didn't you fire at me?" "M. le Baron," replied the general, "I did not mean to offend you by omitting to fire at you. You see my pistol has missed fire" (*raté*). Then General Lecoq took the pistol from General Boulanger's hand, and, holding it up, pulled the trigger. It missed the second time, but on the third trial it went off. The seconds then declared that the conditions of the duel were fulfilled and honor satisfied, and the late combatants shook hands.

THE HEIDELBERG CELEBRATION.

Heidelberg, the beautiful old German University town on the Neckar, celebrated last week the 500th birthday of her famous institution of learning. Every hotel and inn as far as Mannheim was crowded with visitors. The Crown Prince Frederick William, and the Grand Duke of Baden, Rector of the University, were present; and their opening addresses, on Monday evening, were most enthusiastically received. The general programme for the week was as follows: Tuesday, solemn service; reception of deputations; in the evening, a *fête* at the Castle. Wednesday, a banquet and a torchlight procession of students in honor of the Grand Duke of Baden. Thursday, announcement of honorary degrees conferred on foreigners. Friday, historical *cortège*. Saturday, theatrical performance and ball. In his address to the assembly of present and former members of the great institution, the Crown Prince congratulated them upon their possession of a share of the glorious record of Heidelberg. "The University had," he said, "maintained through many vicissitudes the foremost position in securing religious liberty and the right of scientific inquiry, which Heidelberg possessed to-day together with every quarter of the world." The entire civilized world sympathized with the joy of the Heidelbergers on this memorable occasion. The foreign representation at the *fêtes* was very large. Among the foreign students now in the University are twenty-six Americans, seven Englishmen, twenty-nine Russians and Poles, three Japanese, and one African.

THE TROUBLES IN BURMAH.

British predictions as to the speedy suppression of the rebellion in Burmah have not been justified by the results. Upper Burmah continues in a very unsatisfactory state, nor can much be done until the conclusion of the rainy season. Then the country will become more healthy, and the European troops, who have suffered severely from sickness, will be able to penetrate further into the interior. Meanwhile, the insurgents have

come very aggressive. By the withdrawal of the force which occupied Tummo, on the Upper Chinwin, a large area has been abandoned to them. They also attacked Myingyan, on the Irrawaddy, and burnt the bazaar; they interrupted the navigation of the Sittang for several days by throwing a barrier across it, and they (fortunately without success) attacked two fortified forts near Ningyan. But, on the other hand, the British were repulsed with loss while attacking a native stockade in the same neighborhood. Great complaints are also made of the newly enrolled Punjabe police, who in their predatory performance rival the Dacoits. Besides, the people of Upper Burma are much discontented with the arbitrary manner in which prisoners are tried and sentences passed. They are supposed to be under the same laws as British India, but the provisions of these statutes are persistently ignored. Our illustration shows the village of Kyauk-pa-doung-myo, thirty miles east of Singoon, which has recently been placed in a state of defense against Dacoits, rebels, etc. The inner line consists of a strong stockade; the outer line, of a thick thorn-hedge. The interval between the two is carefully "planted" with sharp-pointed stakes. The water-posts consist of a raised platform, cart-wheels forming the shelter required, and also affording the necessary loopholes for firing through. This village was lately attacked by Dacoits, but the villagers turned out in force, and repelled the assailants.

THE LATE SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN died at Greystone, his stately home on the Hudson, near Yonkers, N. Y., on Wednesday morning last, August 4th, at the age of seventy-two years. During the last few years, most of his time was spent in retirement upon that beautiful estate. Though physically an invalid, his mind remained strong and clear to the end, and reading was his constant solace. His appearances in public were rare; but occasional letters from the pen of the "Sage of Greystone," upon national affairs, were widely read and discussed. The latest of these, written last December, urged the need of coast and harbor defenses—a subject which has recently agitated Congress. During the few months preceding his death, Mr. Tilden's general health appeared to be improving rather than declining, and the fatal illness, resulting from a cold, was of but three days' duration. The immediate cause of death, as defined by Dr. Simmons, was failure of the heart-action, resulting from gaseous distention of the intestines.

The history of the distinguished career of ex-Governor Tilden is so familiar to all readers that a bald recapitulation of it is not needed here. Statesman, politician and patriot, he was the last and greatest of a race of leaders who gave glory to the Democratic party—a party upon whose death-roll, during only a few months past, have been placed the names of Seymour, Hancock, McClellan and Hendricks. But while exercising an incomparable force in Democratic politics, he was a political philosopher and a patriotic citizen whose views and projects extended far beyond the bounds of mere party interest. Viewed from any political or partisan standpoint, he must be acknowledged as one of the ablest men of his time, and one who used his abilities to render conspicuous service to his State and country.

Born in New Lebanon, N. Y., in 1814, Samuel Jones Tilden was educated at Yale College and the New York University, studied law with the late John W. Edmunds, of New York, and was admitted to the Bar. During a quarter of a century he occupied a foremost place among the lawyers of this State, and became a popular public speaker. His labor and success in his profession placed him in pecuniary independence long before he entered the field of politics. His yearly income during that period of toil and accumulation ranged from \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year. He earned this, it is said, without ever taking a contingent fee, without ever making a bargain in advance for the price of his services, without ever having a controversy with a client.

Although Mr. Tilden always took pleasure in the details of political work, and was known to the State Committee of his party as a wise counsellor and skillful organizer, it is a remarkable fact that his actual career, which began when he was sixty years old, virtually ended less than three years later. His leadership in the successful crusade against the Tweed Ring having brought him prominently before the friends of reform, he was nominated for Governor in 1874, and elected by a plurality of 53,315 votes over John A. Dix. Reform was the keynote of Mr. Tilden's administration; and his success as Governor paved the way for his nomination for the Presidency by the Democratic party in 1876. The notable campaign followed, with its disputed result, and the appointment of the Electoral Commission, which, after a long controversy, decided that Mr. Hayes had been elected. Against the decision of the tribunal thus provided by Congress, there is no evidence—notwithstanding the vehemence of many of his friends—that Mr. Tilden ever counselled revolt. Although his name was prominently mentioned, at each recurring Presidential campaign, he refused to accept another nomination. "I but submit to the will of God," he wrote in 1884 to the Democratic State Committee, "in deeming my public career for ever closed."

Mr. Tilden never married. His last years at Greystone, however, were made cheerful by the companionship of relatives whom he loved. He was surrounded by every luxury, and provided with every care that money could procure. His vigorous mind returned with avidity to his favorite studies of historical, economic and political subjects, while magazines, reviews and lighter literature were resorted to for relaxation. The medium through whom all this research and literary recreation was accomplished was a young lady member of the family, whose record of books read during less than eighteen months shows that about two hundred volumes were consumed in that time, besides periodicals innumerable.

Mr. Tilden's handsome new city house, No. 15 Gramercy Park, was little used by him as a residence. His heart was at Greystone, where his greenhouses, horses and cattle, and his steam-yacht *Viking*, were his constant delight.

The funeral services at Greystone, last Saturday morning, were brief and simple; but there was a distinguished attendance. The Rev. Dr. W. J. Tucker, of the Andover Theological Seminary, formerly pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, which Mr. Tilden's family attended when in town, officiated both at the house and at New Lebanon, whither the dead statesman's body was taken by a special train. The pall-bearers selected were: John Bigelow, Daniel Manning, Samuel J. Randall, Smith M. Wood, Andrew H. Green, George S. Miller, Charles A. Dana, Dr.

Charles E. Simmons, William Allen Butler, Aaron J. Vanderpool, Daniel Magone and John B. Levee. At New Lebanon only the Presbyterian committal service was read. The burial was in the Tilden family plot, beside the graves of Mr. Tilden's brothers—Henry A. Tilden and Moses Y. Tilden.

IRELAND'S FAREWELL TO ABERDEEN.

THE departure of Lord and Lady Aberdeen from Ireland, last week, was made the occasion of a most remarkable demonstration. The procession formed at five o'clock, opposite the Castle, where the Lord Lieutenant and his wife viewed it as it passed. It took two hours and a half to pass a given point. Every trade in Dublin was represented. All trade societies, religious confraternities and Nationalistic political organizations sent delegations, and the Mayors and corporate bodies of a number of provincial cities attended. The Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Lady Mayoress, together with the City Corporation, were present in state, and at either side of Lord Aberdeen's carriage walked a special body-guard of citizens. For the first time within the public memory military and citizens joined together to do honor to the same man. Eye has seldom witnessed a more impressive scene than that in College Green opposite the Old House of Commons as the Lord Lieutenant was passed. He and Lady Aberdeen, standing in their carriage, passed through a vast cheering multitude, who covered them with flowers. The public statues were alive with people, and windows all along the route packed with men and women, waving hats and handkerchiefs. The whole affair was impressive beyond conception as a manifestation of the deep popular feeling. Fully one-third of the flags carried in the procession were American, and, of course, there was not a single English banner. Lord Aberdeen and the Countess were much affected by the demonstration. The address of the Corporation to the retiring Viceroy declared that nothing short of Mr. Gladstone's measure would ever satisfy the Irish people.

A BIG BALLOON.

THE largest balloon in the world, according to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, has recently been built in that city by Mr. A. P. Van Tassel. It has a capacity of 150,000 cubic feet of gas, and has been constructed for the special purpose of enabling the well-known aeronaut to undertake a journey across the continent from ocean to ocean. The height from the floor of the wicker car to the top of the gas reservoir is 119 feet, and of the dilated reservoir alone, 63 feet. The envelope is made of finely woven cloth, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and is varnished, as usual, in order to make it gas-tight. The car has accommodation for fifteen persons. It is about twenty-one feet in circumference, and the sides are thirty-four inches high. The supporting ropes are kept in place by the usual "concentric." Hydrogen gas will be used for inflating the balloon. The cost of the structure is stated to be \$6,000. Mr. Van Tassel has had considerable experience in aerial traveling, having crossed the Wichita Mountains, 15,000 feet above the sea level. His present attempt is more ambitious than any he has yet made. A careful study of the aerial currents leads him to believe that by seeking the proper stratum of air he can be carried eastward at high speed, possibly one hundred miles an hour. The greatest difficulty will probably be due to the Rocky Mountains, which modify the movements of the air currents over a large area of the continent. Should it survive the trip, the giant balloon will be taken back to San Francisco, where it will be placed on exhibition.

ORIGIN OF A FAMILIAR WORD.

A WRITER in *Timothy's Magazine* says: "The word 'queer' has a remarkable origin attributed to it. One night, when the performance at Drury Lane was finished, the celebrated Quin, many of whose jokes are still remembered, offered to bet a young nobleman £100 that next morning a word would be in universal use which had never been heard before. The nobleman accepted the wager and left the theatre. Then Quin summoned all the 'supers,' who happened to be very numerous, and gave each a large piece of chalk. He told them to go through all the leading thoroughfares of London and write at intervals on the flags the word 'queer.' Quin's orders were faithfully carried out, and on the following morning, of course, people were astonished—the word was in everybody's mouth. The great actor with little difficulty made good his claim to the nobleman's bank-note, while bequeathing a new word to the language."

SOCIALISM AND INSANITY.

THE *Balti ore Daily News* says: "Some time ago a romantic story was put forth that Louise Michel, the female leader of the Paris Communists, was insane. She had fallen violently in love with a nobleman, it was said, in her early youth, and aspired to be his wife. He had encouraged this feeling as long as it amused him, and then had thrown her aside with contempt. This treatment had enraged her against his class, and she became a monomaniac on the subject. Hence her bitterness towards rank was due to a misplaced flirtation, and not to any innate love for the masses against classes. Now comes a learned Dr. Lombroso, who declares, in a French publication, that all Anarchists and Communists are demented. He finds that a propensity for revolution is merely a demonstration of insanity, and should be treated the same as other forms. He thinks that the advocates of the destruction of government and the distribution of property, if placed under restraint somewhere and properly treated, would, in course of time, for the most part, become as lucid and sensible as other people. This learned Dr. Lombroso, after certain investigations, discovers that revolutions occur chiefly in warm countries and during the Summer. The heat stirs up the blood and excites the mind. The thermometer is really the thing to be looked to for explanation of many of the social phenomena witnessed, and it is found to be true, as the ancient sages thought, that the dog-star sets men, as well as their four-footed friends, mad. To illustrate the fact, the doctor shows that of nearly two hundred popular outbreaks in Europe, covering France, Italy and Greece, there were thirty-two in June and twelve in November, and the Summer averaged three times as many as the colder seasons. All leaders of the Socialist propaganda this eminent physician considers insane. He recalls the fact that after

the Paris conspiracy, in 1871, four of the chiefs of the movement were discovered, upon examination, to be hereditary lunatics, while four others had previously been under treatment for insanity. Among the rabble, nearly two thousand were found to be deranged, and had to be placed under treatment for a year. The doctor gives the history of a number of cases, and shows that extravagant social theories are almost synonymous with insanity, and that one of the common manifestations of the disease is a homicidal tendency. The popular term, 'crank,' therefore, in connection with these persons is certainly not misplaced."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE owner's photograph must now appear on all passports in Turkey.

FIVE hundred and fifty *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund children were sent from New York, last week, to enjoy a two weeks' outing in the country. In all, 6,181 have been sent out of the city—more than in any other year.

THE wheat crop of Europe is slightly under an average one. In France, it falls twelve per cent. below last year. In Russia, Spring wheat is a poor yield, but Winter wheat is excellent everywhere. Oats and potatoes are big crops.

FARINA saw many strange sights during his recent passage through the Kalahari Desert in South Africa. Of natural freaks and wonders the supply appears to be considerable. One of them is a bug which, on being touched, emits a perfume, and two or three of which, carried in his wagon, scented it delightfully for weeks.

THE first African city lighted by electricity was not Algiers or Cairo, but Kimberley, with forty-two Brush lamps, each of 2,000 candle-power. The current is also utilized there for the killing of dogs, a step suggesting the execution of death-sentences by the same means, as proposed in the United States, and in France by M. Charson, a member of the Senate.

THE strongest wood in the United States, according to Professor Sargent, is the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest the West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shell-bark hickory standing far below it. The least elastic and the lowest specific gravity, upon which in general depends value as fuel, is attained by the blue-wood of Texas (*Condalia obovata*).

A GRANITE obelisk has just been erected at Lippel, in Germany, to commemorate the fact that on the 24th of June, 1842, Prince Bismarck, at that time a mere sub-lieutenant in a cavalry regiment, threw himself into the Lake of Wendelssee, and, at the risk of his own life, saved a drowning soldier. Prince Bismarck often remarks that he is prouder of the little silver medal conferred on him for this act of bravery than all his seventy-six decorations.

THE Supreme Court of New Hampshire has rendered a decision denying the right of the Salvation Army to beat their drums in the streets of any city, town or village of the State. The defendants claimed that their drumming was in obedience to the dictates of their consciences as an act of religious worship. The court held that this was no defense; that no act of religious worship can be allowed to disturb the public peace or violate reasonable police regulations.

ACCORDING to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Louisiana lost 200,000,000 pounds of sugar last year by imperfect sugar-milling. The quantity of sugar actually made last year was 250,000,000 pounds. There is only one first-class sugar-mill in the State; most of the others are clumsy affairs which leave nearly one-half of the saccharine matter in the bagasse or refuse cane. The planters are aware of this enormous waste, but say they cannot afford to throw away their old machinery and buy new.

THE English organization known as "Uncle Toby's Dicky-bird Society" boasts of members in France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Gibraltar, Constantinople, Hong Kong, South America, many parts of Canada and the United States. Within less than a decade since its initiation the organization has just reached in its ranks the grand total of 109,000 members. Each member has signed this pledge: "I hereby promise to be kind to all living things; to protect them to the utmost of my power; to feed the birds in winter-time, and never take or destroy their nests."

"NATURE" says: "The following facts exemplify the strong migratory instincts of trout. At the fish-culture establishment at Delaford, where the utmost care is taken to isolate the various species of Salmonidae, a few of the fish occasionally are found in ponds long distances from those in which they were originally located. Considering that each pond is so constructed as to prevent such a contingency, the occurrence is very remarkable, and can only be accounted for in two ways, viz., that the fish either burrow through holes that probably are made by rats and moles, or they jump out of the water and so proceed to the next pond. It is not likely that they are borne thence by birds, as the appearance of the fish on the occasions referred to does not justify such an assumption. It will be interesting to inquire further into the subject with a view of eliciting the real facts of the case."

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

AUGUST 1st.—In Bremen, Germany, Edwin A. Oelrichs, of the old New York shipping firm of Oelrichs & Co., aged 73 years; at Great Falls, N. H., William J. Copeland, a prominent lawyer of that State, aged 45 years. August 2d.—In Carlsbad, Austria, John W. Britton, one of the founders of the firm of Brewster & Co., carriage manufacturers, aged 63 years. August 3d.—In Newark, N. J., William H. Winans, ex-City Treasurer, aged 67 years. August 4th.—At Greystone, Yonkers, N. Y., Samuel J. Tilden, aged 72 years; in Luzerne, Switzerland, J. M. Brown, of the New York Stock Exchange firm of A. H. Brown & Co., aged 44 years; in New York, Harrison Durkee, prominent in metropolitan business circles, aged 74 years; on Blackwell's Island, N. Y., the Rev. Rowland H. Bourne, chaplain; in New York, James M. Dunbar, prominent in business and social circles; in Bloomfield, N. J., Dr. Joseph Austin Davis, a well-known surgeon, aged 73 years. August 5th.—In Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Rollin R. Gregg, a well-known physician and medical writer, and ex-President of the International Hahnemannian Association, aged 57 years; in Jersey City, the Rev. John Campbell, prominent Methodist Episcopal clergyman, aged 70 years; at Warm Springs, Va., Colonel William P. Wilson, of Trenton, N. J., aged 45 years; in Geneva, Switzerland, General Robert Allen, of Ohio.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KAISER WILHELM has accepted the godfather-ship of the eleventh son of a butcher at Barmen.

THE Democratic State Convention of Kansas, last week, nominated Thomas Moonlight for Governor.

MRS. CLEVELAND has been admitted to membership in the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C.

DR. FRINGSHEIM, just appointed to a professorship in the University of Munich, is the first Jew ever admitted to a Bavarian Faculty.

THE biography of Charles Darwin, which his son, Mr. Francis Darwin, is writing, has been making rapid progress towards completion.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND left Washington last week for his farm on Honey Hill, near Little Rock, Ark., where he will remain several weeks.

SARAH BERNHARDT has been the occasion of a duel between two newspaper editors in Buenos Ayres, where she is playing to crowded houses.

MESSRS. O'BRIEN, REDMOND and LEAMY sailed from Queenstown last Sunday as the delegates of the Parnellite party to the Irish League Convention at Chicago.

REV. S. L. BALDWIN, of East Boston, well-known as a former missionary to China, has been appointed lecturer on missions for the coming year at Boston University.

IT is thought in some quarters that Governor Hill will succeed the late Mr. Tilden in control of the Democratic organization in New York. That, to say the least of it, would not be the best thing for the Democratic party.

GEORGE LIPPARD, one of the almost forgotten literary lights of a generation ago, and who died in 1854, in Philadelphia, aged thirty-two, is to have a handsome granite monument placed at his neglected grave in October next.

MR. A. P. WILLIAMS, a prominent San Francisco merchant, and Chairman of the Republican State Committee, was last week elected United States Senator for California, in place of Hearst, appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Boston, is a very lonely minister. He declined to receive his salary during his recent absence in Europe. What adds to his isolation is the fact that he pays to his church annually the sum of \$500 or upward to secure certain free seats for poor people.

THE United States Senate rejected the nomination of James C. Matthews, colored, to be Recorder of Deeds in Washington, in place of Frederick Douglass, the objection by Senators being that he was a carpet-bagger, and was brought from Albany to the capital to fill an office which should be occupied by a resident.

As a recognition of the courtesy, impartiality, and uniform consideration shown by Speaker Carlisle towards the minority of the House, several prominent Republican Representatives united in purchasing, at a cost of about \$600, an elegant and tastefully decorated silver table-service, which was presented to the Speaker at the close of the session of Congress on Thursday last.

HONORARY degrees have been conferred by the University of Heidelberg, Germany, upon Professor Alexander Graham Bell, of Washington; Professor Edward D. Cope, of Philadelphia; Professor Othniel Charles Marsh, of New Haven; Professor Simon Newcomb, Superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac* at Washington, and Professor John W. Powell, Director of the Geological Survey.

THE Senate, last week, by a vote of 33 to 15, confirmed Fitz John Porter as colonel of the army on the retired list. There was a short debate upon the question whether Porter had any legal claim to recover pay for the time he was out of the army, but the opinion seemed to be that he had none, and Senators Sewell and McPherson, in Porter's behalf, gave an assurance that he would never attempt any such thing.

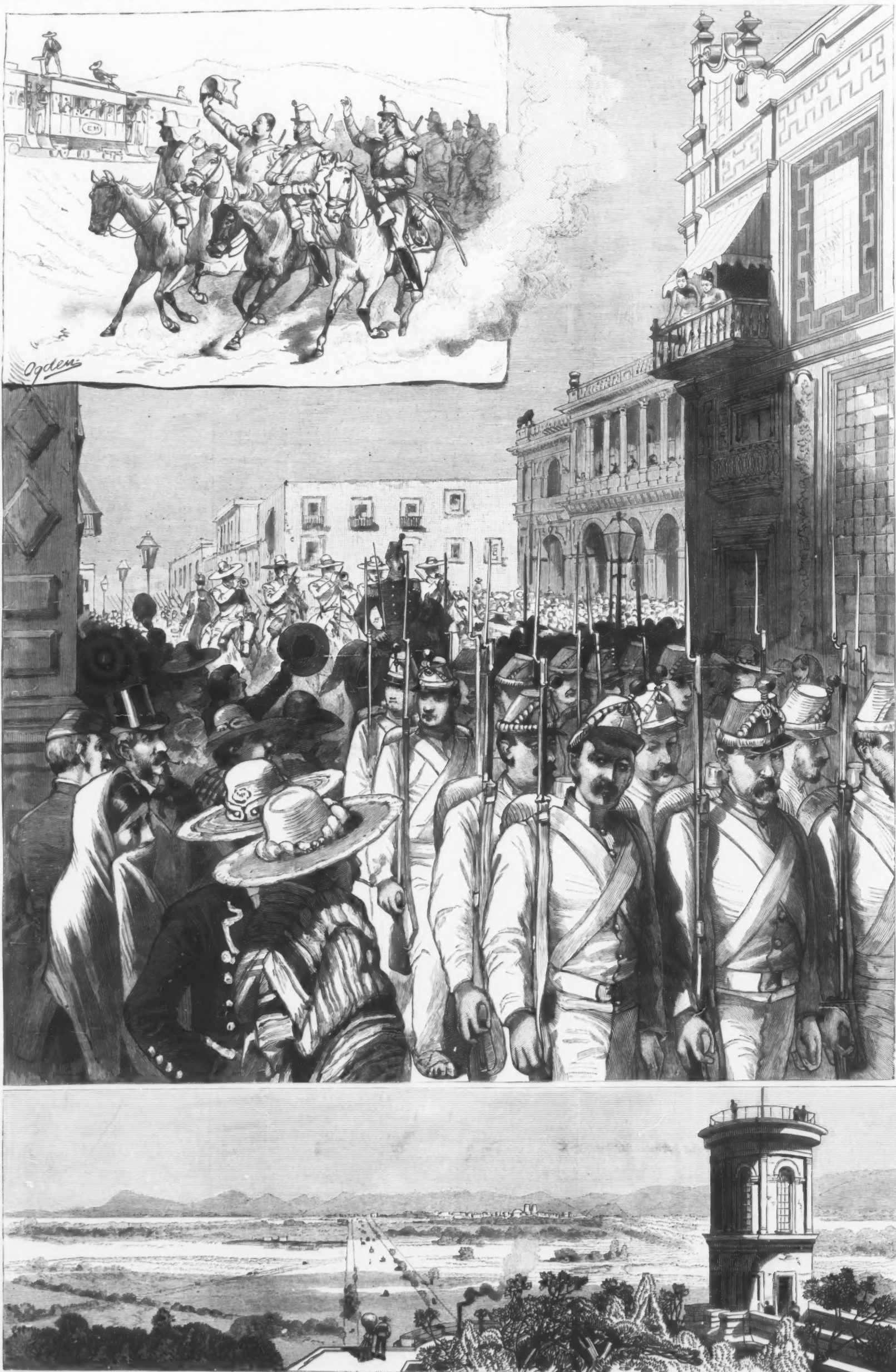
REV. DR. BURCHARD, visiting the New Jersey Lunatic Asylum at Morris Plains, the other day, recognized in a mild-mannered inmate of the place the son of a former parishioner. Greetings were exchanged in a hearty manner, and the doctor asked: "Well, what brings you here?" "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," was the solemn response of the patient, who slyly winked at the warden. "Ah!" said the doctor, and passed on.

GREAT excitement has been occasioned throughout Iowa by the assassination, at Sioux City, of Rev. E. C. Haddock, supposedly because of his action in the Temperance cause. He was shot, after nightfall, by some person unknown, while walking with a friend in a public street. Mr. Haddock had been prominent in bringing suits against violators of the Prohibitory Law, and was the prosecuting witness in many of them. The saloon-men were particularly incensed against him, and his life has frequently been threatened.

CHRISTINE NILSSON will occupy, after her marriage to the Count Mirander, a palace at Madrid, decorated in the most extraordinary and eccentric fashion. Thus, the dining-room is papered with all her old hotel bills, while the walls of the boudoir are covered with the music and librettos of all the operas in which she has taken part. Lovely paintings of Swedish scenery hang in the bedroom, while the cardroom is completely papered from floor to ceiling with cuttings from all the newspapers of the world concerning the cantatrice.

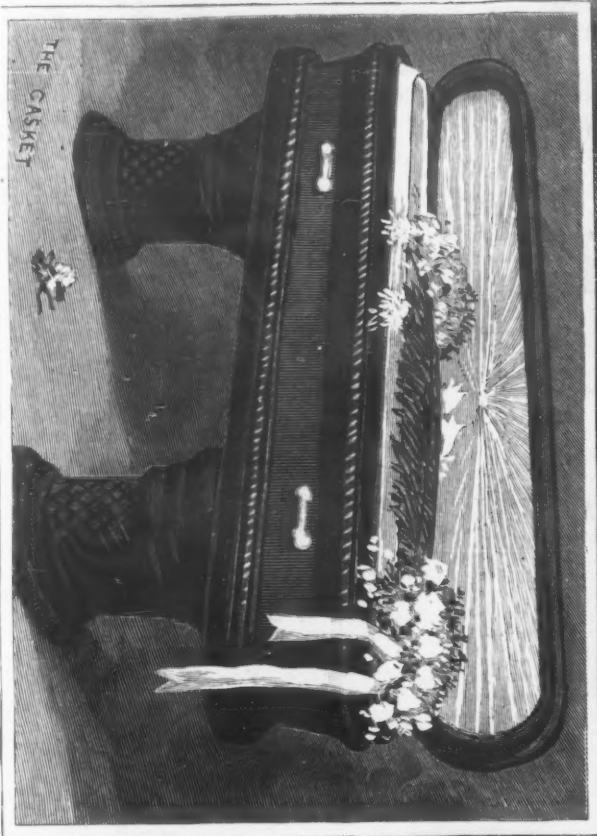
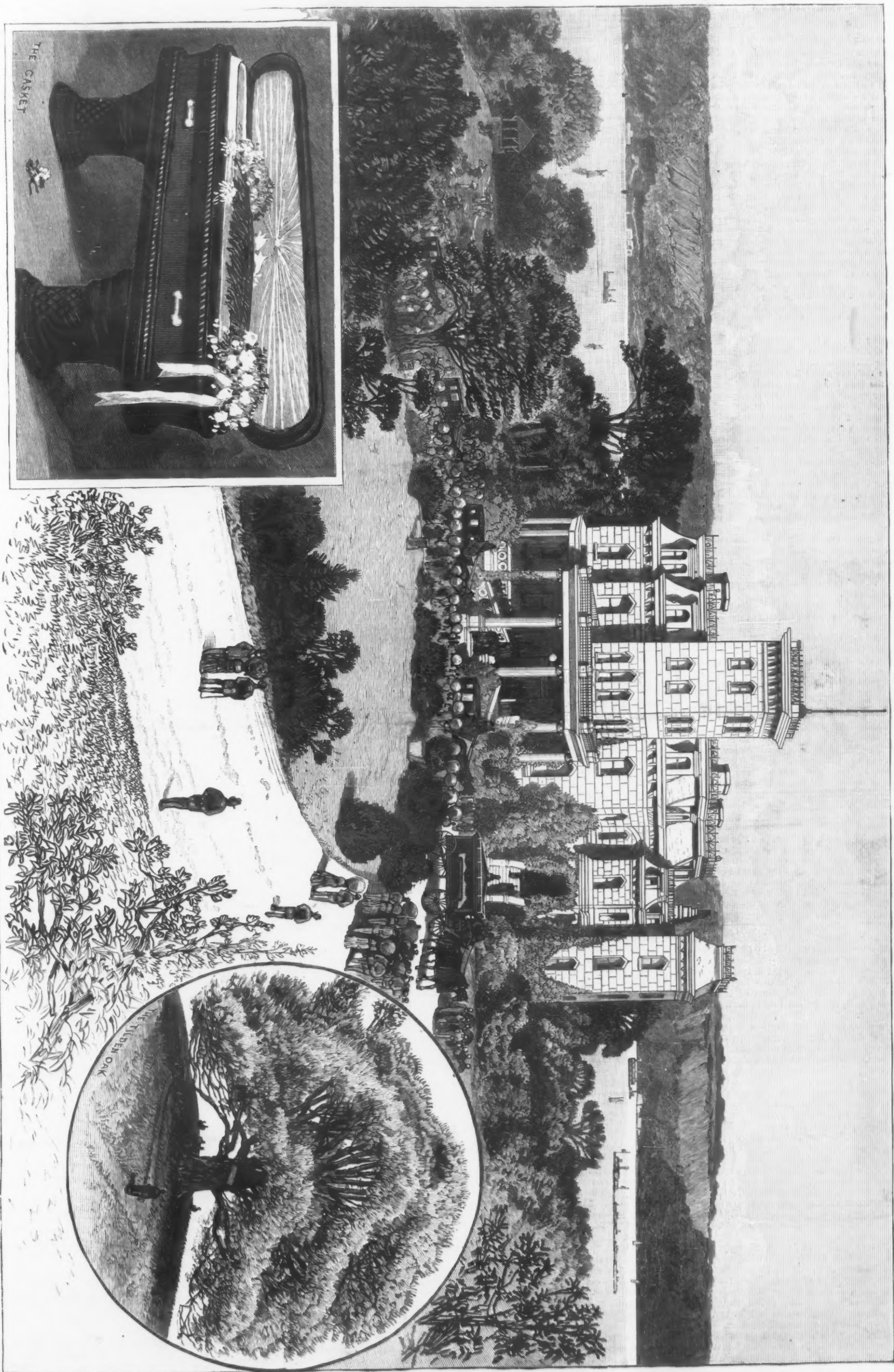
THERE are many evidences that President Cleveland continues to grow in popular regard. In a recent interview ex-Senator Thurman aptly expressed a general opinion. He said: "Mr. Cleveland has demonstrated one thing, I think, to the satisfaction of everybody, and that is, that he is an honest, courageous man, and intends to do as nearly right as he knows how. There is no doubt of his sincerity and his courage. People admire courage, and they appreciate honesty. Knowing Mr. Cleveland to possess both, they can overlook minor defects."

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT ("Jeems Pips of Pipsville"), the widely known song-writer and humorist, whose lectures and entertainments have delighted numerous audiences in this country, France, England, British India, Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, the Australian colonies and the diamond fields of Africa, proposes to start in October next on a farewell tour around the world. He has arranged a series of programmes embracing the very best selections given in former readings, and there can be doubt that in this final tour he will add fresh trophies to his already full sheaf. A fine specimen of his quality as a poet is published elsewhere in this paper.



THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO FROM CHAPULTEPEC.

THE TROUBLE ON THE RIO GRANDE.—STREET SCENE IN THE CITY OF MEXICO—TROOPS LEAVING FOR THE FRONTIER.
SEE PAGE 411.



NEW YORK.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE SAMUEL J. TILDEN AT GREYSTONE, AUGUST 7TH—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 407.

"JACK AND JILL."

By ANNIE J. DUFFELL.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

FROM that strange slumber that has betrayed her she is aroused by a feeling as of ten thousand piners tearing at her flesh. She springs to her feet, half dazed by her condition, to perceive that the handkerchief is dry and hot upon her wound, which is hotter still, and swollen twice its natural size, and is sending forth that throbbing pain through all her system. She must have slept for a couple of hours, at least, and is in a most wretched condition—moist and stiff from exposure. While that traitor, Sleep, claimed her, a change has been wrought in the weather. The storm-rack hangs lowering across all the sky; the wind has risen and tears like demons across the ocean, churning into white, angry foam the waves that beat high upon the island; the tide is rising, and over the sea and the land a dense mist is falling that hints of the coming gale.

Appalled by the situation, Tempest makes for the opposite beach where her boat is moored. It is even a shorter journey now, the waters have so risen.

Nor is she a moment too soon: the treacherous waves have crept up and are seizing upon her craft, which is tossing about friskily upon their bosom.

Bending far out, she is enabled to reach the boat's side, and pull it up to a higher point upon the narrow strip of land remaining. Then, with a white face, she views her situation.

For the time being she is crippled hopelessly. On water smooth as glass she could scarcely make her way, with but one arm at her disposal—she knows nothing of sculling—wherefore to trust herself to such a sea as this would simply be madness. The coast along here, which is back of the Rock House, is rarely visited by the villagers or fishermen; and short as is the distance, no amount of shouting on her part could possibly reach her father or Martin amidst the roar of the on-coming tempest. And though she stay late, Jack will only think her safe with Philip—perhaps at the castle—and will never think to look her up.

And here she stands, with only a few yards of shifted sand 'twixt her and death.

"It shall not be—it shall not!" she cries out, glancing with shrinking, abhorrent eyes at the up-coming waves that are waiting, waiting to seize upon their prey.

Then she raises her voice and calls aloud for help; nothing but the wild shriek of the sea-gull answers.

Then she sinks down upon the moist sands, and laying her face upon her knees, bursts into tears: this fate stealing upon her in her ripe, rich youth is so awful.

"Why did I ever leave the shore!" she sobs, sitting there a forlorn, drenched figure, so small as to be invisible a few rods out upon the sea. "Why did I want those odious eggs! Why did I come without Philip! God—God! send me any death but this!"

And then, as if in answer to her desperate prayer, along the rocky, barren coast, half shrouded in mist, she sees a figure moving. It is near enough for her to perceive its similarity to Montclair.

Again she springs to her feet, and sends her clear, young voice across the angry waters.

"Philip—Philip!"

What if he should not hear that wild appeal? Surely he does not! He moves on, nor turns once towards that spot in the heaving ocean whence those desperate eyes are watching him.

With the strength of despair she shouts again, and this time he stops, looks seaward and describes that form, with its signal of distress showing faintly above the dull-green, mountainous waves.

She sees him pause, as if to deliberate; then, grasping the situation, he runs along the beach to a spot where she knows two or three of the castle-boats are kept, one always in readiness for service. In a few minutes she sees him put out boldly from the shore, and, covering her face with her hands, she breaks into hysterical sobs and laughter.

Her safety is not by any means assured; it is a frightful sea that few would care to risk, save in desperation. Yet there is no absolute reason why a capable pair of arms and a sturdy craft, such as Philip possesses, should not make so short a distance in safety.

On comes the rescuer; at one moment vaulting high upon the crest of a giant wave, at another sunk deep in the unstable troughs of the sea; but a few vigorous pulls, a moment of desperate struggle, when it seems that boat and boatman must be swallowed up to be disgorged no more, and the island is reached, and with incoherent gratitude the stranded damsel precipitates herself upon her knight.

Then there is a moment of utter, discomfited silence, while slowly and with a stiff movement Tempest moves back and away from the man who has pulled steadily through dangerous seas to come in her behalf.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" says Dempsey, with meagre courtesy in his tone.

"I—I thought it was Philip!" mutters Tempest, and, forgetful of everything but her enemy, regards him with disapproving, repugnant eyes.

And with as scant cordiality, as little enjoyment of the situation, Dempsey stares back at her.

He is the first to pull himself together.

"Well," he says, in a tone that shows his distaste for the job, "there is nothing for it but that I shall row you back to land, since I am here."

He does not so much as question her upon her situation, or even explain his own appearance upon the coast at this critical hour.

Tempest backs still further away, looking at him with large, embittered eyes. Despite her pain and her situation, it is a galling moment for her to be thus fetched face to face with her foe. Can she submit to the bitter humiliation of being saved by him? Would not it be easier to let the rapacious waters swallow her up?

"Come on—there is no time to waste," says Dempsey, with an unflattering absence of ceremony.

Still she stands staring at him moodily, and moves not a step.

"Are you coming?" he says, sharply. His tone, his look, his whole manner, madden her.

"If you are so frightened," she says, with vicious distinctness, "put back to shore. As for me, I stay where I am rather than enter a boat with you."

He returns her hostile glance with a contemptuous smile.

"Perhaps you are not aware that in less than an hour this island will be submerged," he suggests, with icy politeness.

"Is there anything about this coast that I do not know?" she says, in a low voice of suppressed passion. "All the same, I prefer to stay where I am, if I must accept rescue at your hands."

She has reached the extreme centre of the island; now with an exasperated countenance he follows her.

"Don't be a fool. If it were pleasure we were in quest of," he says, with cruel candor and a grim smile, "I fancy the middle of the ocean might as quickly afford us it as each other's society; but you will do well to try to fetch yourself to realize that it is *safety* we are bent upon securing now. Whatever may be your feelings in the matter, I have no desire to go down, and, I assure you, the gale will be worse in a few minutes when the storm shall have broken. Come on, I tell you!"

"I will not go with you!" she persists.

He looks at the stubborn, snail little figure with a blaze of righteous fury kindling in his handsome eyes.

"I have half a mind to take you at your word," he says, acridly, with an envenomed smile. "I fancy I would not have gone far before you would be glad to call me back."

She knows that he is not far from the truth; but before she can fashion a reply he suddenly puts out his long, strong arms, and gathering her up bodily, makes for the boat.

She does not struggle, but half believes she must be dreaming until she is set down abruptly upon her feet; and simultaneously with the action a muttered exclamation breaks from her kidnapper.

She looks at him quickly and sees that his aghast eyes are turned seaward. Following his glance, she perceives the boat in which he had come to her rescue, floating out at sea. Then with one accord they both turn to where hers had been lying. But what is this? Surely an evil spirit has been let loose among their small craft; for nowhere is it visible.

They have wasted more time than they had thought, and while they have been exchanging their recent pleasant amenities, the ever-busy tide has crept up and cut off escape.

For a moment Dempsey turns upon the waters a strained, whitened visage, then he turns grimly to Tempest.

"The choice of going or remaining no longer lies with you. The tide has settled it. See what your folly has cost us," he says.

And what of this heroic young woman who but a moment ago preferred death to rescue at her enemy's hands?

With parted, bloodless lips and dilated eyes, she stares upon this watery death that faces them.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME hours later, when the storm has broken and is shaking the earth, it would seem to its very centre, Lady Hilda alights from a rough, strong little vehicle kept for such occasions, and enters the broad old hall of the Rock House. Here Martin meets her.

"Where is she—how is she doing?" is Lady Hilda's eager query. Her ladyship is unprecedently agitated and incoherent, but Martin seems to comprehend.

"Pretty well, if it was not for her arm," she answers, quaveringly. "The doctor has been up from the village, and has bandaged it, and says that in a few days it will come out right. Oh, my lady, what will she be at next?" burst forth Martin, dire apprehension mingled with exasperated despair in her manner. "To go to the sand hills alone, on such a day as this! You'll never know the struggle I've had to keep her 'ead on her shoulders, this twenty year I've been doing for her."

Lady Montclair laughs tremulously—almost she is as fond of this girl as if she were her own.

"But she generally comes up all right, you know, Martin," she says, encouragingly. "Where is she?"

"In her room. I put her to bed in hot flannels and whisky as soon as she got in. If you could 'ave known my feelings," says the long-suffering Martin, with a mournful wheeze indicative of approaching tears, "when I went to the door—such a sight! Mr. Dempsey a-standing there with Miss Tempest in his arms, and both that white and done, and dripping, and she with no more life in her than a rag. But I must say," breaks off this invaluable woman, still too deeply imbued with the old-time enmity, despite the signal service done her and hers by the foe, not to be critical, "I can't say much for his manners. 'Here,' he says, in a voice that rough it quite upset me, so beat was I by what I saw, 'take her; I'm done with her!' and he almost thrust her into my face. And then, as I couldn't lift a finger, he brushes past me and lays her none too gentle-like upon the sofa there. And then he turned and

would 'ave gone out, only that Mr. Jack, who was beginning to get worried by that time about Miss Tempest staying so, came into the hall."

"Yes," says Lady Hilda, eagerly; "and how did they meet?—what passed between them, now that poor dear Jill was beyond doing mischief for a time?"

"They met very amiable-like," says Martin, with lowered voice. "Only I thought that at first, when he heard the story, Mr. Jack would have dropped, he turned that white, but it was for only a minute. And I tended to the poor dear child; and Mr. Jack to Mr. Dempsey. He gave him hot rum and dry clothes, and persuaded him to sit down in the drawing-room while he ran down to the village and fetched the doctor for Miss Tempest; but by that time I had fetched the poor angel round, and the color began to come back to Mr. Jack's face. He wanted Mr. Dempsey to stop over night; but that the young gentleman wouldn't listen to. So the doctor took him to the castle in his gig. And that's all I know, for I can't get nothing from Miss Tempest; when she ain't laughing with 'istericks she's shakin' and moanin', and crying out as how she shall never forget this awful night."

"Small wonder if she never does," mutters Lady Hilda, with a shudder. "A tragedy has been very near us. Nothing saved them but Mr. Dempsey's almost marvelous strength as an athlete. And though at Cambridge he took the medal as a swimmer, everybody wonders he should have held out in such a sea, and not only reached the shore, but had strength to get out one of the boats, and row back to the sand hill in time to save Miss Tempest."

At this vivid reminder of past perilous events, Martin collapses and buries her face in her apron. Lady Hilda kindly leaves her, and makes her way to Tempest's chamber.

In this roaring fire has been built, and adown the picturesque old room the massive high bedstead rears its hideously carved posts, and under its heavy, moth-eaten canopy a small figure lies well wrapped in blankets, and a pale face, with preternaturally large eyes, looks out from the pillows. As Lady Hilda enters and approaches, Jack rises from his post by the bed and displays a face—filled with woe-begone memories—that he has never worn before in all his years of free-and-easy manhood.

"Oh, Lady Hilda!" a voice, remarkably strong—considering all its owner has been through—at this juncture comes from the bed.

And then, laughing and crying, the heroine or culprit—whichever she may be considered—of the occasion is caught in her guest's arms, and Jack wisely vanishes.

"I really thought," says Tempest, drying her eyes, "that my time had come."

"And well might you," returns her friend, duplicating the girl's shiver. "But, my dear, how brave and chivalrous it was of Dempsey! how utterly magnanimous! Could you have conceived of such strength and courage as he showed?"

"Well, you know, he couldn't leave me there to drown," says the girl, meekly.

"I am not quite sure but that you deserved it," says Lady Hilda, meditatively.

"Now I think of it, he said something of that sort himself," observes Jill, the old, wicked, irrepressible smile coming back to her lips.

Lady Hilda looks slightly dashed; already visions of mutual forgiveness and beautiful reunions have been floating through her active brain.

"Don't fancy that we wept and fell upon one another's necks in mutual forgiveness, and all that sort of thing," continues Jill, easily, with a little laugh that the peace-maker finds extremely hard to bear; "for we did not, you know. Throughout it all he was extremely commonplace and—and—surly. He didn't care a rap-pence about my safety; but he didn't relish going down himself, and so he swam for the shore, and came back with the boat because—" the girl speaks distinctly, but a faint flush stains her pallid face—"he said it was against his creed 'to go back on even a dog,' if the dog had no one else to look to but him."

"Oh, really!" says Lady Hilda, uncomfortably. How vastly different seems this affair, under the girl's literal rendering, from what she had fancied might have been the case.

"How—how—is he?" asks Tempest, with some difficulty, after a brief silence.

"Oh, my dear, utterly done out, although he won't admit it. The doctor says he must keep his bed for several days, but he won't listen to such a thing."

"He had a hard pull," murmurs Tempest, the malicious, mischievous demon vanishing from its lurking-place in her eyes, which fill with a slow look of horrid memories. "When he took off his coat and plunged in the sea I thought it was all up with us both. Oh, it was terrible!" says the girl, covering her eyes as though to shut out an unwelcome sight, and shuddering; "to stand there waiting for him to come back, and all the while knowing that he might never come, and the waters creeping nearer and nearer! And then, at last, they got so close, that I could scarcely keep my feet; and then I saw a great wave coming that I knew must take me away, and one was coming from behind; but when they met and broke and fell, I found myself clinging on to something—it was Dempsey's hand. He got me in the boat somehow—pretty roughly, I think—and that is all I remember."

Lady Montclair spends the night at the Rock House. In the morning it is found that Tempest is better than could have fairly been expected, while her arm, too, is improving. At Jack's request, preferred the previous evening, a messenger comes over from the castle, with word to the effect that Mr. Dempsey is doing quite well—only a trifle stiff and fagged from having been in the water—and that he has concluded to keep his bed for the day.

"I must go to him," says this busy peeress, to whom the whole affair is "cakes and ale," since it resulted no more disastrously; "he is worse than he will admit. My dear, have you no word for him?"

Tempest is sitting in a huge chair, looking moodily out of the window at the fog-draped landscape; she does not withdraw her glance at the inquiry; but as she replies there is a ring of passionate discontent in her tones.

"What word can I have?" she exclaims, vehemently. "I know—you all know—that he has saved my life! It is a hateful thought, but it is nevertheless true. If he were my friend, words would fail to acknowledge such a service; as it is—" She pauses, and makes a half-angry, half-contemptuous gesture. "Pappy has done the grateful parent, and all that," she continues. "Besides, you must remember that he impressed upon me his only motive for troubling with me. He didn't care to have it said that he let me perish. No; I have no word for him—none."

Lady Hilda sighs and departs.

Throughout the day Tempest remains silent and thoughtful; Jack, humoring her mood and saying little, yet watches her furtively, and would give not a little to know what is passing in her mind.

That it is a struggle of some sort with her unruly pride and stubborn spirit, there is no room to doubt.

Towards night she conquers, and with a subdued but determined look, drags herself to her chamber. Here she seats herself at her writing-desk, and, as best she can with one inflexibly bandaged arm, writes the following:

"MR. HUGH DEMPSEY—You must know, as well as I, that the service you have rendered me is beyond measure or recompense. It is not of that I wish to speak, but of another matter, which you may easily guess. After last night you can imagine how galling a memory to me my reception of you a few days ago now is; and I desire to say that I allowed my temper to run away with me to a dreadful extent; and in whatsoever spirit you may receive this note, I must add that I sincerely regret the circumstance. If it is not too late, I should be excessively pleased if you and papa could come to an amicable adjustment of matters. When you are quite recovered, will you call upon us again, and afford me an opportunity of redeeming myself as a hostess? Very sincerely yours, "TEMPEST DEMPSEY."

This she folds and seals, and places in her pocket, all the while the look she wears showing that it is a severe wrench to her pride. For some time she sits by her desk in deep thought; then a slow flush mounts her very brow at some unpleasant thought.

"If he holds malice—if he takes no notice of it, I shall die of mortification," she mutters. "But he will—if he possess the first quality of a gentleman, he will not let me humble myself in vain."

Still a lingering fear of that possibility causes her to keep her counsel upon the little penitential note reposing in her pocket, and for months after Jack never dreams that it existed. An hour later, while that gentleman is down at the village for the post, and his daughter sits rather solitarily in the drawing-room, Philip is shown in.

He comes hurriedly to her side, takes her hand, and looks down at her with his hot, dark eyes, that hold an unusual eloquence.

She has never before seen him so thoroughly cut up.

"Great heavens!" he exclaims, when he can take command of his voice, while a shudder shakes his elegant figure; "how awfully near to being your death I have come!"

"Don't be absurd," says Tempest, genially, drawing her hand away from his hot clasp and pointing it to a chair in front of her. "No harm was done me—only for a pretty good fright."

Philip looks at her with a sort of slow resentment in his moody eyes.

"Yes, no harm came to you, owing to Dempsey," he says, as if that young gentleman's courageous deed were to him a personal offense. "I wonder," he continues, a thrill of genuine passion in his discontented tones, "if I was to die this very moment—here at your feet—if your mind would ever linger with me once through all the coming years? While I—if you had suffered evil last night—I should never have known peace or happiness again." His words end in a choked sound, that brings a frightened look into Tempest's face. Are they to go over those old unpleasant scenes of a year ago? she asks herself, in alarm, and that, too, when she has thought Philip cured of his tiresome penchant.

"How is your friend?" she inquires, with a discreet view of changing the subject.

"Oh, he is all right; I have not heard that there is any danger of his not pulling through," Philip replies, stiffly. It is not pleasant to have one's sentimental words thus ignored.

Tempest thinks of her note, and sneakily draws it forth.

"Will you give him this?" she says, hurriedly; and says nothing about it to any one? I suppose if I would be half-way decent I must acknowledge his services; but it is not a pleasant duty."

Montclair receives the dainty missive, thrusts it in his pocket, and soon after takes his leave. For a time he rides on in deep thought; and as a result, he finally draws forth Tempest's note, and, deliberately tearing it into fragments, scatters them to the mountain-top.

"If it turns up that he never got it, I must invent an explanation," he mutters, as he puts spurs to his horse and gallops back to the castle.

(To be continued.)

THE GOVERNMENT ARSENAL AT ROCK ISLAND.

ROCK ISLAND proper is one of the gems of the Mississippi River. It is a narrow, green isle, nearly three miles long, with a basis of limestone rock, and is the property of the United States Government. If the natural environment of this

insular gem is beautiful, its artificial setting is equally fortunate. Within a circle having radius of four miles are clustered four flourishing cities or towns, as follows: on the Iowa bank of the river, Davenport, with a population of 30,000; on the Illinois bank, Rock Island (City), 16,000; Moline, 13,000; and Milan, 1,000. The commercial, social and industrial centre formed by this group is, by rail, 181 miles west of Chicago, and 316 miles east of Council Bluffs. By river, it is 332 miles north of St. Louis, and 397 miles south of St. Paul. Five lines of railroad, and the steamboats on the river, furnish abundant transportation facilities in every direction.

The Island of Rock Island, with which we are at present chiefly concerned, became United States property in 1804, through a treaty made with its Indian occupants, who hunted and fished there unmolested until the war with the British in 1812, and the Black Hawk War. The first United States fort was built there by the Eighth Infantry, sent from St. Louis, in 1816, and named Fort Armstrong, in honor of the Secretary of War. A garrison was maintained there until 1836. General Street, Indian Agent, had charge of the Island until 1838, when Colonel George Davenport succeeded him, remaining in charge two years. In 1840 an ordnance depot was established at the fort, of which Captain Shoemaker had charge until 1845, when the stores were removed to St. Louis Arsenal. From 1845 till the Act for establishing the Rock Island Arsenal was passed, in 1862, the Island was in the charge of a civil agent or custodian employed by the War Department, out of the control of which it never passed. Ground for the first arsenal building was broken in 1863, and General Thomas J. Rodman, the inventor of the famous gun bearing his name, was assigned to the command of the arsenal in June, 1865, succeeding Major Kingsbury, who was the first ordnance officer in command. General Rodman assumed his duties August 3d, 1865, and his command continued until his death, June 7th, 1871. The present able commander of the arsenal, Colonel D. W. Flagler, succeeded him, in the same month. The great work accomplished by Colonel Flagler during the past fifteen years is seen by a mere glance over the noble field at Rock Island, which now shows the following structures and improvements, completed under his supervision: eight workshops; the commanding officer's quarters; buildings for officers' quarters; the soldiers' barracks; post buildings; a complete system of sewers; the Moline bridge; roads, streets and avenues about the Island; the water-power wall; powder-magazine; pump-house; the water-power improvement; transmission of power; the grading and ornamentation of grounds; the work of care and preservation of property; operation of the drawbridge; excavations for an artificial lake; elevated water-tank and system of water-mains; the manufacture of shop fixtures and machinery.

The five shops south of the main avenue are for the arsenal, and the five north of the same avenue are for the armory. The centre shop in the south row is the forging-shop and foundry of the arsenal, and the other four are designed for finishing, wood, leather, and metal-working shops of all kinds, for the manufacture of all the material of war. The centre shop of the north row is the rolling-mill and forging-shop for the armory, and the two on either side of it are finishing and wood-working, or "stocking," shops, for the manufacture of all kinds of small-arms.

It is proposed to make this the arsenal for the whole Mississippi Valley. When completed, it will be sufficient to arm, equip and supply an army of 750,000 men. The capacity of this arsenal will be, finally—so it is estimated—two and one-half to three times that of all the arsenals of the United States had during the late war, and fully equal to all the necessities for the Northwest and the Mississippi Valley, from the Alleghanies to the Rockies.

Our artist's sketches show numerous points of interest on the Island, including a general view from Rock Island City. An elaborate history of the armory and arsenal, written by Colonel Flagler, was published by the War Department in 1877.

THE TROUBLE WITH MEXICO.

TWO recent cases of "Mexican outrage" led to war talk on the Texan side of the Rio Grande and what looked like war preparations in Mexico. Our Executive Department and Congress took the matter up, and the relations of the United States with the sister republic threatened to become strained. Unfortunately, both of the outrages in question happened to be of an ambiguous character. The first was the case of Cutting, the Texas editor, who lived in Paso del Norte, Mexico, and published a paper there. In that paper he recently published a paragraph attacking one Emigdio Medina. Cutting was arrested and required to sign a "reconciliation," which he published in his own paper. On June 18th he crossed the line into El Paso, Texas, and published a notice in a paper of that town declaring Medina to be a fraud, and "contemptible and cowardly." On returning to Paso del Norte he was arrested again, for the offense, according to one report, of publishing the paragraph in Texas, and according to another, for circulating on Mexican soil an article published in a Mexican paper. The latter appears to be the true version of the case. Mr. Brigham, the United States Consul at Paso del Norte, writes that Cutting's examination before the Justice of the Peace was unusual, and holding that he had no power to imprison him for a crime committed in the United States, he demanded his release. Mr. Bayard holds the same view as to the lack of jurisdiction by Mexico. The Secretary of State demanded Cutting's release. After refusal and explanation he repeated the demand without condition, and it was again refused. On Tuesday of last week the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives decided unanimously to report a resolution approving the action of the Secretary of State and calling upon him to make the demand once more. All accounts agree that Cutting is a troublesome fellow, and has a record as a chronic disturber. He is at present in the Chihuahua Penitentiary, but it is expected that as soon as Mexico finds that the United States Government proposes to enforce its demand, he will be brought into court, acquitted, or found guilty of some offense and immediately pardoned and released.

The case of Francisco Arresures is more serious in itself, though perhaps equally dubious as a *casus belli*. Arresures, who was an omnibus-driver at Eagle Pass, was delivered up as a horse-thief by County Judge Hoffstetter, a Texas official, on demand of Mondragon, a captain of Comahuila State Rangers. Judge Hoffstetter and another Texas official, Sheriff Oglesby, combined to give

up Arresures under a wholly illegal extradition, and probably under a trumped-up charge, to Mondragon, who, it appears, was his rival for the affections of a woman. Mondragon, on receiving Arresures, notwithstanding the protest of the United States Consul, had him shot at midnight. The judge says it has been the practice to give up horse-thieves by both the American and Mexican authorities. The judge also states that Arresures, while a refugee from Mexico in 1873, declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, after which time he served several years in the Mexican Army, only returning to Eagle Pass a few months ago. The judge has been put under arrest, and held in \$1,000 to answer for his illegal acts, and Governor Ireland has revoked his commission as an extradition agent. Mexico will undoubtedly have to be called to account for this murder. At the same time, no one can fail to observe that this outrage, like the other, had its origin in American wrongdoing.

Apropos of the excitement growing out of these affairs, we give a portrait of Editor A. K. Cutting, and characteristic pictures of bodies of Mexican infantry and cavalry. The Federal troops have on hand at present the work of hunting insurgents in the interior. Mexico contains at the present time a population of over eleven millions, seven-tenths of whom, however, are docile Indians or half-breeds. If Mexico could apply to her people the same principles of military organization that are applied in Germany, France, and some other European nations, she could place in line an army of not less than 450,000 fighting men. The financial resources of the country would not, however, admit of the calling to arms of more than one-half of this number of men at one time. Thus, while the resisting power of Mexico might be set down at about 500,000 men, to be employed successfully, as occasion might require, she could scarcely by her greatest effort place in campaign at any one period over 250,000 soldiers. The Mexican cavalry is famous for its fearless riders and valorous troopers, but it would be altogether too light for an encounter with the same arm of the American service.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S HOME ON GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS.

WE give on page 413 an illustration of the home of President Cleveland on Georgetown Heights, D. C., as it is to be remodeled, enlarged and improved according to the plans of Messrs. William M. Pointdexter & Co., the architects of the Columbia College buildings in Washington and the new structures at the Soldiers' Home. The place purchased by the President some months ago contained twenty-seven acres of land, with a double two-story cottage with nine rooms. The plans now agreed upon contemplate the addition of a roomy attic story and two-story piazzas on two sides of the building, facing south and west. A new addition has been made to the extension, also to be constructed of stone, which will contain the kitchen, with servants' rooms overhead. The interior of the building has been arranged to suit the wants and taste of Mrs. Cleveland, whose interest in her suburban home is not less than that of the President. All the modern improvements, conveniences and appliances for household comfort will be introduced. When completed there will be a dining-room, reception-room, two parlors, one of which the President intends to occupy as his study, on the lower floor, besides the pantries and large kitchen. On the second floor will be three chambers and dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, closets and servants' rooms. The attic story will contain four commodious chambers. The southeastern end of the piazza is built circular, the roof running up to some height and terminating with an ornamental finial. The main roof of the building rises to considerable height, and is pierced with large balconied dormers. From the roadside the view will be very picturesque, with a good setting of trees and an extensive sloping lawn on all sides. The grounds have been very much improved during the President's possession of the property, and landscape gardeners have been engaged to further adorn the grounds and lay out new approaches from the main road to the building. The President expects to take possession of the house about the 1st of October, and during Mrs. Cleveland's visit North this month arrangements will be made for furnishing her suburban home according to her own taste.

WOMAN'S LOT IN INDIA.

A RECENT writer says of the condition of women in India: "Unable for the most part to read and write, rumors reach them from the markets, the bazaars, the talk of servants, and of the children, many of whom attend the normal schools, now numerous, and are consequently familiar with the topics of European thought. They feel the old order passing away, but of the new they know nothing. They identify these changing influences with Christianity, which they urgently fear and dread as bringing disruption into families where the ties of kindred are unusually strong. Conversion implies no less than social excommunication—exclusion from the pale of caste, and social death. So the mother fears it keenly for her son, the father for his daughter, the husband for his wife."

"The mother in special fears to lose her, at present, unquestioned supremacy. In high-caste households, it must be kept in mind, she is the central personage; her influence in the household is unique and almost limitless, for the high-caste Hindoo is professedly monogamist. One wife is the rule, though a second is permitted if there be no offspring. But the proud mother of sons holds a high place. It is a common saying that the Hindoo beats his wife and adores his mother. She makes the marriages of her sons, chooses her daughters-in-law, and enjoys the dutiful respect of her children. Her sway is almost absolute. As Rance she may, and does often, exercise great political influence, which she uses for purposes of family aggrandizement or intrigue, or for wise and beneficent ends, as it pleases her. Such is the position of the mother, but the wife occupies a very inferior place. Letters that have appeared of late in the *Times of India* present a lamentable picture of the domestic interior as it too frequently exists. The writer, who is apparently a youthful widow, says: 'The wife may not sit in the presence of father or mother-in-law, or any elder member of her family. She must get up early, and go to bed late, and eat with the servants.' Such is her position of inferiority as wife; but as widow, matters are still worse. 'She is debased from second marriage, even if widowed in her cradle; for betrothals before birth are not unknown in India. She is doomed to neglect, ill-usage, opprobrium and reviling. The fright-

ful immorality which devours Hindoo society like a cancer is largely traceable to this one source.' This same writer looks to the spread of education as the best hope for bettering this state of things; but education, uninspired by the salutary influences of true religion, will prove a remedy worse than the disease, as leading solely to a more thorough materialism."

"Heathendom dooms women to a cruel state of inferiority, not only physically, but spiritually. There is one law for women and another for men. The code of morality does not even serve for both. Women are simply regarded as slaves—the mere necessary complement of man's existence. They are debased by all the codes of heathenry. By Buddhism, as seen in China; by Islam, which dooms them to perpetual seclusion; by Hindooism, which does not recognize in them a moral position at all."

"LOOK-UP JOHNNY."

A NEWPORT letter to the Philadelphia *Record* says: "Everybody has been told of 'Look-Up Johnny,' a mildly demented youth who has a passion for going to funerals. Every day, rain or shine, Summer or Winter alike, he follows one or more of the dead to their last home. It is his habit to read the funeral notices and make his plans accordingly. Last week he went to fourteen funerals. One internment, that of an actor, took place on the hottest day we have known this Summer, and the poor fellow nearly made a corpse of himself. The cortege trotted along without much solemnity, and Johnny ran seven miles in the hot sun, and lay alongside of the grave, panting like a dog, and speechless. How he lives no one knows. People pity him and are kind to him, and unknown charity hides him in one of the many obscure nooks of the great city. Respectful and interested at a funeral, as much so as if he were one of the mourners—always looking up with a cheery smile, and thus gaining and keeping his quaint name of 'Look-Up Johnny'—this kindly wreck of a man disappears at the end of his self-appointed task, to turn up the next morning on the sidewalk in front of some chosen house of mourning, ready to follow another procession to the grave. He does not know how many he has followed; he does not know why he pays this tribute of all that he has to give; but he seems to be guided by some blind sense of duty, and perhaps in another life it may be found placed to his credit when the books are opened."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A TEASPOONFUL of permanganate of potash will remedy an impure cistern.

PLUNGING iron castings into a mixture of molasses and water softens the metal so that it can be worked as readily as wrought iron.

By a new French method of diagnosis the condition of the eye is accurately estimated in sounds sent through a sort of phone placed against the eyeball.

A DELICATE glue for mounting ferns and seaweeds is made of five parts gum-arabic, three parts white sugar, two parts starch, and a very little water. Boil until thick and white.

DR. CHELSOFF, a European physician of repute, concludes, from investigations he has made, that the bitter extracts which enter largely into the composition of Spring Bitters have no beneficial effects, while they act seriously in retarding digestion.

M. LENSENNE, at a meeting of the Société Médicale d'Amiens, indicated a certain sign of death, simple and trustworthy. After pricking the skin with a needle the puncture remains open, just as when a piece of leather is pricked. On the living body, even if the blood does not come to the surface, as would happen if the person were hysterical, the pin-prick closes at once and does not leave the slightest trace.

DR. MIQUIL, a member of the Paris Society of Public Medicine, has found that the largest number of bacteria or organic germs are present in the atmosphere between six and nine o'clock in the morning, and the smallest at about two in the afternoon. In the night he finds a maximum at seven and a minimum at two. Conceding that he is right, the beneficial effects of the early rising theory are effectually exploded.

THE Cleveland experiments of Professor Michelson indicated the velocity of light to be 299,853 kilometers per second. The Washington experiments of Professor Newcomb, using only results supposed to be nearly free from constant errors, gave 299,860 kilometers per second, a difference of but 7 kilometers, or about 4% miles. These experiments are held by scientists all over the world to be of far superior precision to any others yet executed.

By a new process of manipulation hats more serviceable and finer than anything now on the market are made of wood-pulp. They are impervious to water, and not wanting in flexibility. It is claimed that felt hats will have to take a back seat as soon as the new hats can be placed in the market in sufficient numbers to supply the demand. They are certain to revolutionize the hatter's trade, as they can be molded into any shape or style desired, and colored to meet the taste of the public. They can be made to represent a glossy or nappy appearance.

EXPERIMENTS made under the direction of the administration of the Dutch state railroads with various paints on iron plates are reported to have proved that the red-lead paints resist atmospheric influences much better than those of brown-red and iron oxides. The red-lead paints adhere closer to the metal and possess greater elasticity than the others. It was also found that better results were attained if, before the paints were applied, the plates were pickled, instead of being merely scraped and brushed. The test-plates were pickled in muriatic acid, washed with water, thoroughly dried, and while warm carefully oiled.

THE first storm ever followed day by day from the Pacific to Europe has been described to the Royal Meteorological Society, of London, by Mr. Harry Harries. It originated as a typhoon near the Philippine Islands on September 27th, passing over Japan and the Aleutian Islands, entering the United States on October 10th. Crossing the Rocky Mountains, it proceeded through the Northern States and Canada to Labrador and Davis Strait. Encountering two other disturbances in its passage of the Atlantic, it reached the French coast on October 27th, causing extensive destruction, and on November 1st, in the Baltic, it quietly disappeared, after accomplishing 16,000 miles in thirty-six days.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE reduction of the public debt during July amounted to \$9,049,103.

THE Connecticut Republican State Convention will be held on September 9th.

SNOW to the depth of one and one-half inches fell on Mount Washington, N. H., last week.

THE Pope having appointed a Minister Resident at Peking, France will withdraw her Ambassador to the Vatican.

MR. JOHN P. RICHARDSON, present State Treasurer of South Carolina, was last week nominated for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

IT is reported that through the influence of Prince Bismarck, a German firm has obtained an eight years' monopoly for supplying rails for Japanese railways.

THE new loan for the Panama Canal is pronounced a success. Subscriptions in Paris alone amount to 450,000,000 francs, which is three-fourths of the entire amount needed.

CONGRESS has passed a joint resolution accepting from Mrs. Grant and W. H. Vanderbilt objects of value and art presented by various foreign Governments and rulers to General Grant.

A CONSTITUTIONAL amendment will be voted upon at the coming State election in Georgia, under which the Legislature will be enabled to place maimed Confederate soldiers on a permanent pension list.

AN attempt to launch the mammoth timber-raft built at Joggins, on the Bay of Fundy, of which an illustration was given in a recent number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, has proved a failure.

THE experiment of making the *Great Eastern* a floating home of nautical drama is a great success at Liverpool. The manager will take her around English ports, and then to Australia and Canada, and perhaps to America.

THE prospect for a good supply of fine peaches this year is as good as in any season for the last ten years. According to present estimates 2,541,000 baskets will be shipped from the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Delaware by rail.

THE Alabama State election, last week, resulted in the success of the Democratic ticket by a large majority. In the local contests, in some of the counties the Democrats were much divided. In a number of cases independent candidates were elected.

THE European Mormon immigration to this country, from and including the year 1831 to date, aggregates 11,630 persons, distributed through the different years as follows: 1831, 2,233; 1832, 2,693; 1833, 2,462; 1834, 1,799; 1835, 1,549; six months and over in 1836, 834.

THE Bill increasing the pensions given to veteran soldiers who were wounded in the arm, hand, leg or foot, passed both Houses of Congress before its adjournment. The increase is from 20 to 25 per cent., and the enactment of the Bill will add \$615,204 to the annual cost of the pension-roll.

INFORMATION has reached the London police of extensive intrigues by Irish and Russian dynamiters against the English Government. Detectives will be stationed at the different Russian ports, and all arrivals from Russia to Great Britain will be closely watched and the vessels searched.

THE trades unions, the Knights of Labor, the Central Labor Union, and all the German and Bohemian labor organizations of Chicago, are about to enter the political field in earnest. A legislative ticket will be nominated in every district. Their example is likely to be followed in other cities.

THE President has approved the Bill to tax oleomargarine on the ground that the tax will still allow the commodity to be manufactured and sold at a fair profit, while the necessity of putting stamps on the packages will probably prevent bogus butter from being sold as the pure product of the dairy.

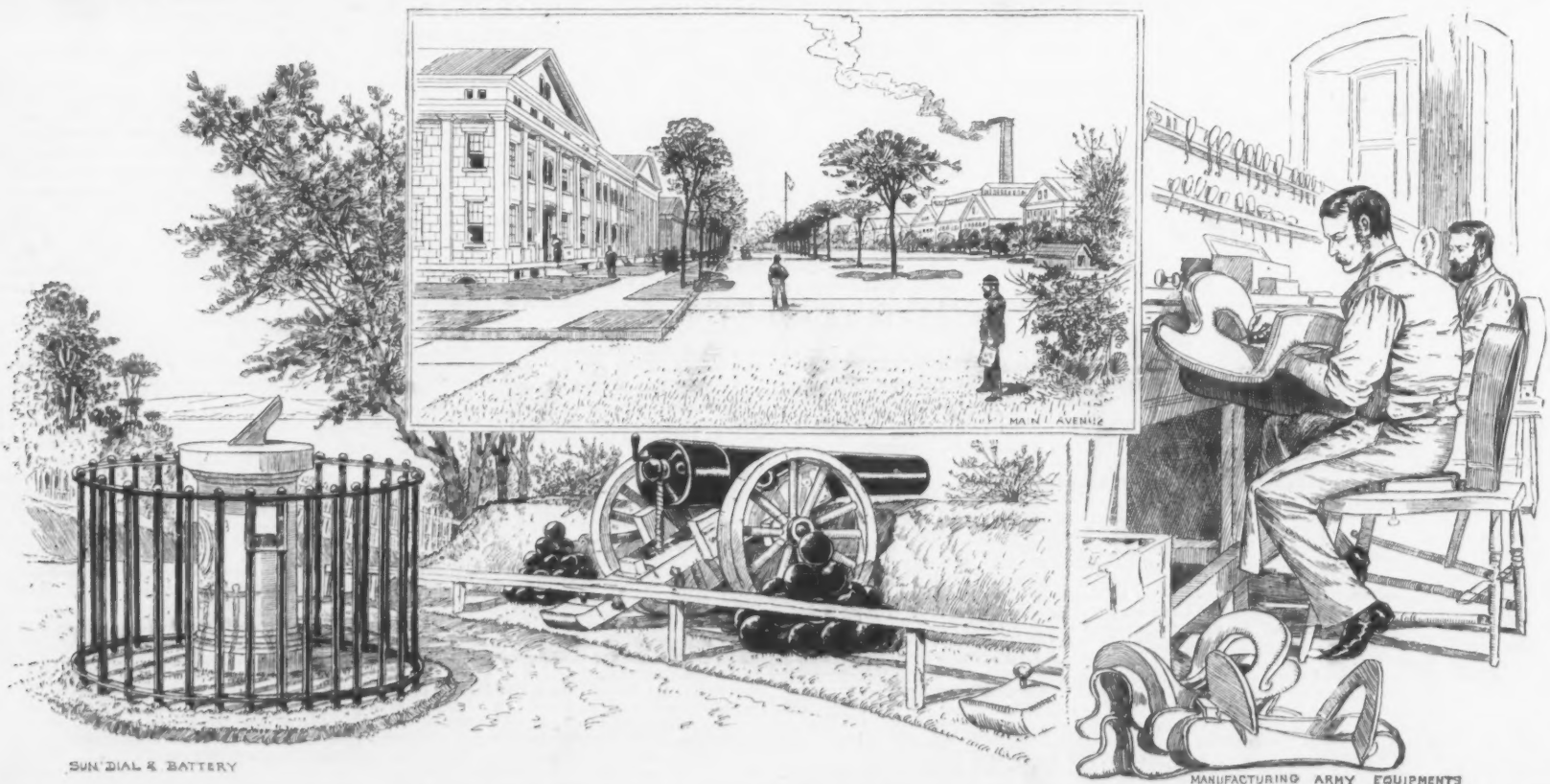
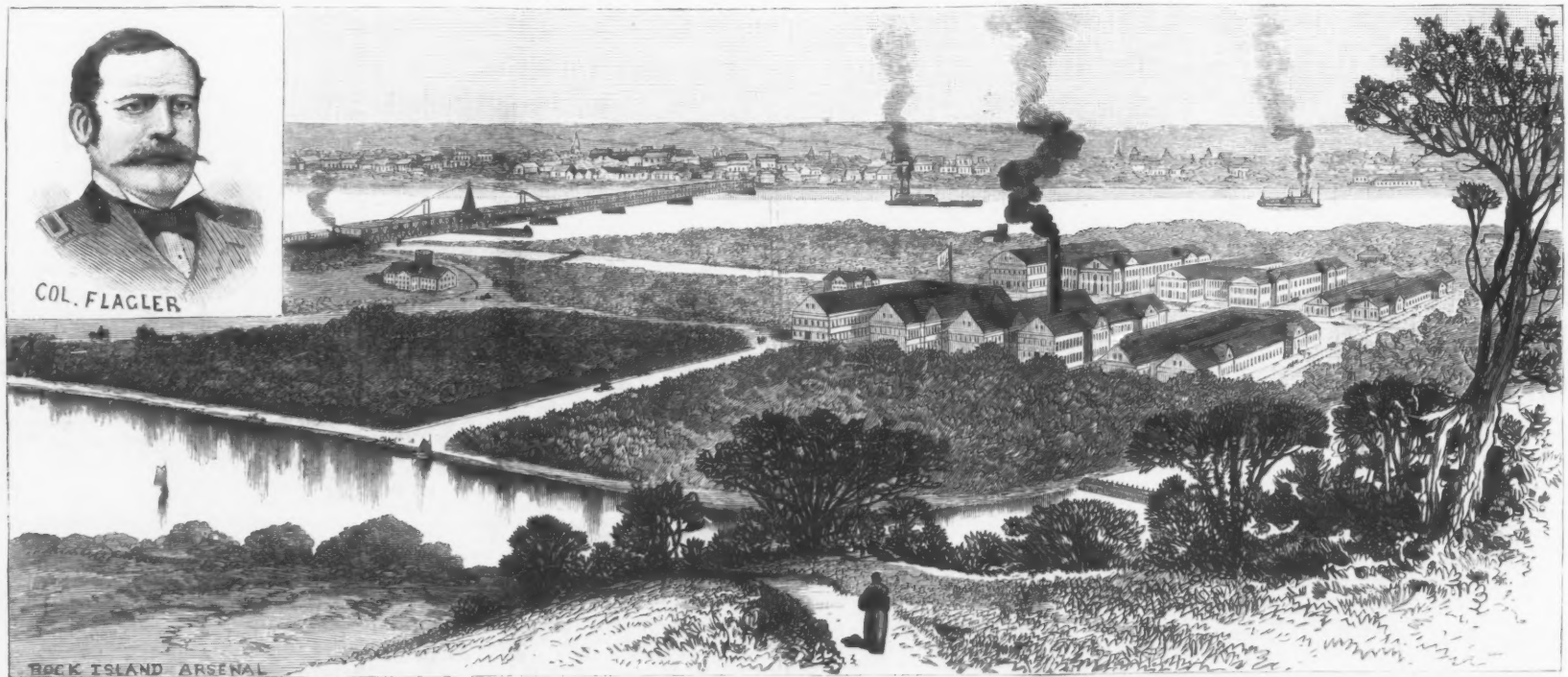
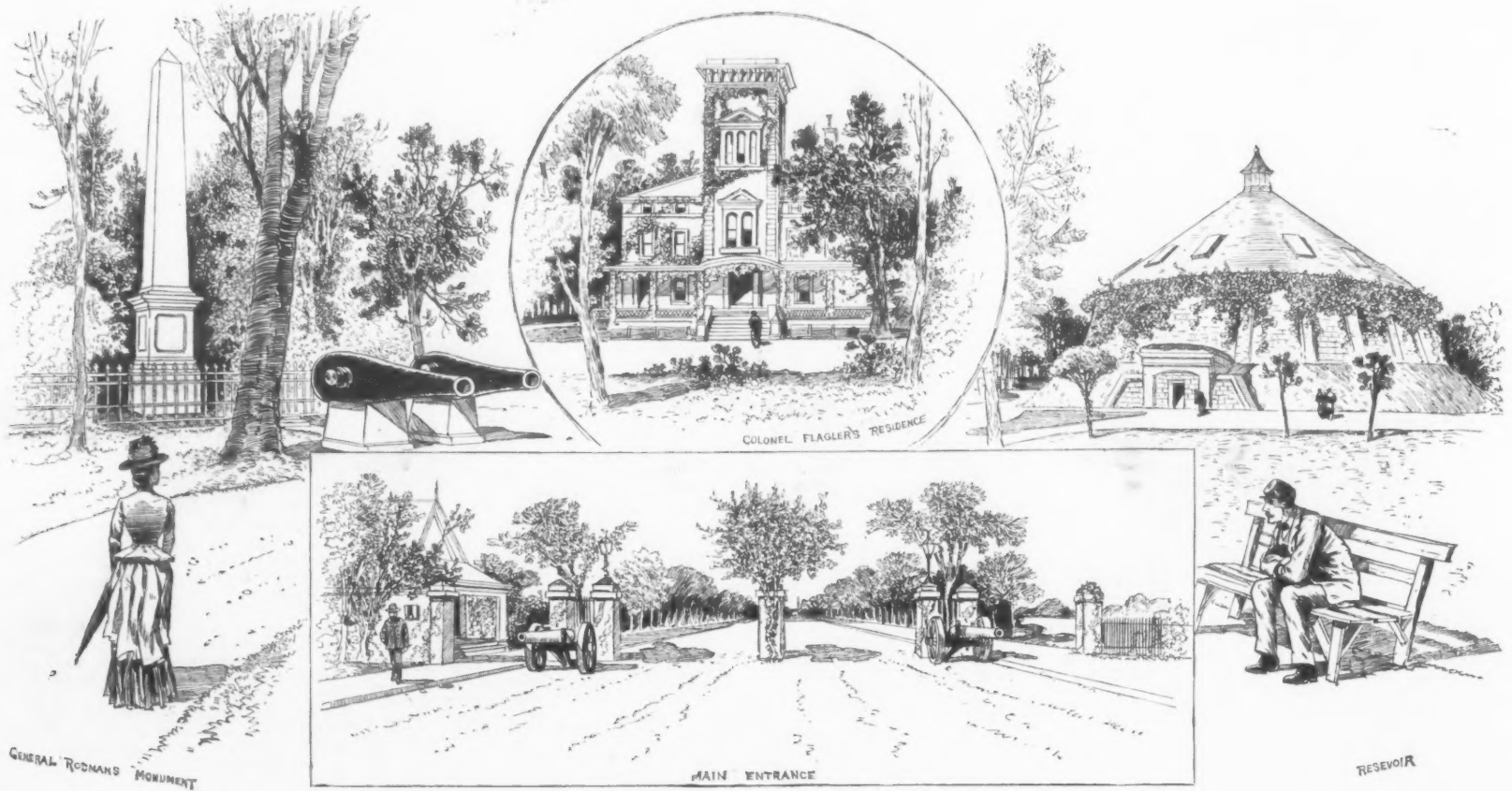
MR. COLLINS, of Massachusetts, introduced in the House of Representatives, a few days before its adjournment, a Bill authorizing the President to forbid the entry of Canadian cars into United States territory in case the Canadian Government continues its unjust and inhospitable course towards our fishermen.

THE River and Harbor Bill, as finally passed by Congress, appropriates \$14,473,000. It includes an item of \$750,000 for the improvement of New York Harbor. The aggregate of appropriations voted at this session is \$265,000,000—the largest total, with a single exception, in any year of peace since the Government began to exist.

THE late session of Congress covered a period of seven months and twenty-eight days, or 241 days, exclusive of Sundays. During that time there were introduced in the two Houses 12,202 Bills. The greater number were measures of a private nature, or of local importance only. The total number of measures that passed both Houses was 1,101. Of these, 1,095 were received by the President, and of that number, 814 were approved; 157 became laws without the President's signature; 115 were vetoed; and nine failed for want of signature at time of adjournment, ten days not having expired since they reached the President.

IMPORTANT reforms are being attempted in Chili. One project provides that no Senator or Deputy shall be interested in any public contract; another is that neither the President nor any Ministry shall give an office to a near relative unless it is proved that he is qualified in every respect to hold it. Another project is being agitated which is of a more startling character, and that is that the President of the Republic shall in future be elected by a majority of the Congress instead of by the public. The agitation of this matter is due to the murderous collisions in the last elections, when upward of forty persons were killed and a large number wounded.

AT a recent reunion of the chaplains of the United States Sanitary and Christian Commissioners, a national charitable organization was formed, designed to embrace not only the societies named, but the Red and White Cross Societies, and all benevolent societies in the United States. A committee was appointed whose duty it will be to supervise generally the work of the various societies. The working members will be ready at a moment's notice to go to any part of the United States where their services may be needed. The plan also embraces missionary work in the Far West, and one of the objects of the society will be to send religious and secular reading matter to all parts of the country.



ILLINOIS.—THE GOVERNMENT ARSENAL AND MILITARY HEADQUARTERS AT ROCK ISLAND, WITH A VIEW OF THE CITY.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 410.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—HON. ALVEY A. ADEE, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.
PHOTO. BY PARKER.

Congress to Disco with relief stores for the party of Explorer Hall. He served last on the China Station, returning thence in 1882. Commander Sampson has served two tours of duty at the Naval Academy—the last for four years, being from 1874 to 1878 in charge of the Department of Physics and Chemistry—and was stationed two years at the Naval Observatory at Washington as assistant observer. At present and during the past eighteen months, Commander Sampson has been in charge of the Torpedo Station at Newport, R. I. He will assume command of his new and important charge, the Naval Academy, about the middle of September.

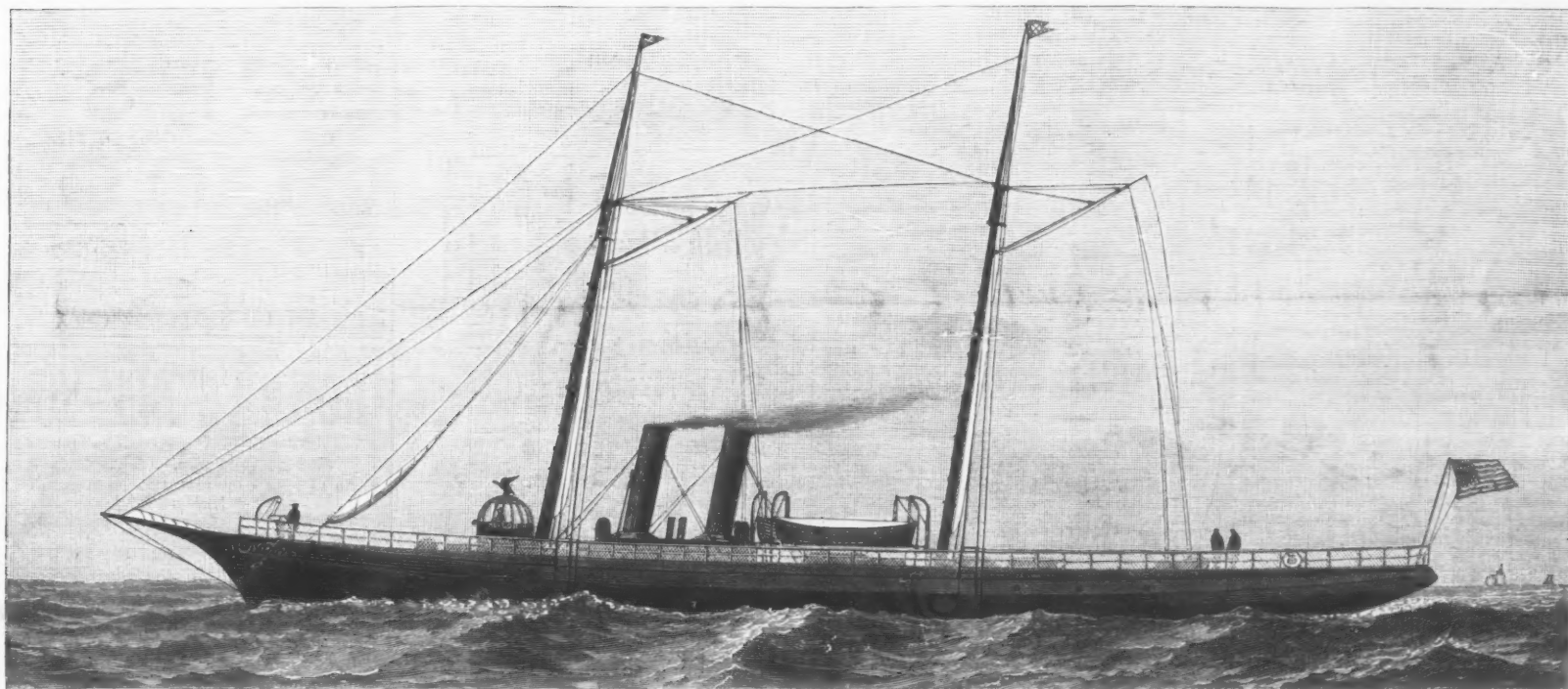
HON. ALVEY A. ADEE,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

MR. ADEE, who succeeds the venerable William Hunter (deceased) as Assistant Secretary of State, is old in the service of the Department of State, although he is not yet forty-four years of age. Of these, sixteen have been spent in the service of that Department at home and abroad, and he is as thoroughly versed in the business of diplomacy as any person now in the Government employ. In politics he is a Republican, and his promotion affords another evidence of the desire of the President to secure the best and fittest men for all important branches of the public service.

Alvey A. Adee was born in Astoria, N. Y., November 7th, 1842. He received his education from private tutors at home and abroad. He studied chemistry, civil engineering, etc., and entered his uncle's office for the purpose of engaging in the latter profession; but while so employed he took a trip over to Spain in 1869, intending to remain but a short time. While there, Secretary Fish appointed him Secretary of Legation at Madrid, September 9th, 1870. He held this position until July, 1877, and during the interval was Chargé d'Affaires at various times. On the 9th of July, 1877, he was transferred from Madrid to the State Department at Washington, and appointed to a clerkship with the same salary



MARYLAND.—COMMANDER WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.
PHOTO. BY RICE.



THE STEAM-YACHT "METEOR."

COM. W. T. SAMPSON,
NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY.

COMMANDER WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, the new Superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, possesses peculiar qualifications for the position to which he has been assigned. A strict disciplinarian, he will put a speedy end to the disgraceful "hazing" practices which have prevailed at this institution, and compel on the part of all an implicit obedience to every regulation designed to promote the good of the service.

William T. Sampson was born at Palmyra, N. Y., February 9th, 1840. He entered the Naval Academy in September, 1857, and graduated at the head of the Class of 1861. He was promoted to be lieutenant in 1862; to be lieutenant-commander in 1866, and to be commander in 1874. He served during the war in the Potomac Flotilla, in the Gulf Squadron, and in the Monitor Fleet at Charleston, S. C. He was in the monitor *Palapso* when it was destroyed by a Confederate torpedo in Charleston Harbor, two-thirds of the crew being lost.

Since the termination of the war he has served twice in the European Squadron; on the Home Station, going in the



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE NEW HOME OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ON GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS.
FROM THE PLANS OF POINTDEXTER & CO., ARCHITECTS.—SEE PAGE 411.

as he had received abroad. On June 11th, 1878, he was promoted to be Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau; July 18th, 1878, he was appointed Third Assistant Secretary of State; and on the 29th ult. President Cleveland nominated him to the Senate as Second Assistant Secretary of State. During his official career of nearly sixteen years, not a single word of complaint has ever been heard against him, either from Democrats or Republicans, a very remarkable thing in official life. He is a hard student, and is well read in ancient and modern literature; is fond of amateur photography and of taking things on the "fly" as a pastime. With all his duties, he finds time to contribute to the pages of the leading magazines of the country. Mr. Adee is a little below the medium height, compactly built, and has dark-auburn hair and brown eyes. He is a nephew of John Graham, the well-known New York lawyer.

THE STEAM-YACHT
"METEOR."

CONSIDERABLE curiosity has been aroused in yachting circles by the addition to the fleet of the steam-yacht *Meteor*, of which we give an illustration on this page. The

Metecor has a somewhat eventful record. She was built as a model by the American Quick Transit Company—a company organized to build steamers that would cross the Atlantic in four days. Her first machinery proved a failure. The vessel cost in the aggregate some \$150,000, and the company has been financially stranded for a long while, having used all of its available funds in her construction. Recently the *Metecor* was sold to Vice-commodore A. E. Bateman, member of the firm of Green & Bateman, bankers, 11 Wall Street. She is 156 feet over all, 22 feet beam, and draws 11 feet of water. She has a triple expansion engine of great power, and one of Ward's boilers. On her trial trip she made nineteen knots, but the present owner has never attempted any great speed, as he desires first that her engines shall become smooth and in good working order before being driven, to see what she can do. She flies the flag of the American Yacht Club, of which her owner is Vice-commodore.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

A TRAIN of thirteen cars, containing the second load of tea direct from Yokohama, has arrived at Winnipeg.

THE unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, has been postponed until October.

THE packing-houses of Chicago have abandoned the eight-hour plan of labor, and will hereafter pay their men for the exact time they work.

EDITOR CUTTING was tried in Paso del Norte, before Judge of Letters Señor Miguel Sabbida, on the 5th inst., and pronounced guilty. The judge has fifteen days in which to pass sentence.

A CONFERENCE of Knights of Labor representing 40,200 workmen in New York city, resolved, last week, by a very decisive vote, to take independent political action in the coming campaign.

In the examination of Commissioner Squire before Mayor Grace, last week, the fact was divulged that the letter of the accused, in which he made a corrupt bargain to secure office, was given to the Mayor by the late Hubert O. Thompson only a few days before he died.

THE President signed the River and Harbor Bill, greatly to the surprise of many Congressmen, on the ground that an examination of the Bill in the light of the facts presented to him by General Newton, Chief of Engineers of the Army, and General Parke, of the Engineer Corps, had convinced him that, on the whole, the interests of the Government demanded its approval.

AN extradition treaty with Japan, negotiated in April last, has just been published. It includes a large number of crimes—in fact it embraces in the list nearly all the crimes enumerated in the several extradition treaties now in force between the United States and European countries. It derives additional interest from the fact that it is not only the first extradition treaty which Japan ever entered into with any Power, but that it is the first extradition treaty concluded between a civilized nation and a semi-barbarous Asiatic Power.

FOREIGN.

THE cotton crop of Western India is expected to be the largest ever recorded.

It has been decided to inaugurate, on June 1st, 1887, at Lima, Peru, a mineral exposition, the principal object of which is to make known to the world the mineral wealth of that country.

It was said that the popular farewell accorded with such enthusiasm to Lord and Lady Aberdeen prefigures a similar demonstration of welcome to Mr. Gladstone, who is strongly urged to visit Ireland in the recess of Parliament.

THE Afghan question seems for the present to be practically "settled." A late dispatch announces that the disputes in the boundary commission have been adjusted, and the work, which was at one time supposed impossible of satisfactory performance, is drawing to a peaceful and safe conclusion.

THE MOJAVE DESERT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the San Francisco *Call* says: "The California and Arizona Deserts, that are now happily bridged by the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, are a veritable Sahara; differing only from their African prototype in not having the terrific sandstorms that often almost devastate that region. For many hundreds of miles the Mojave stretch is utterly devoid of plant or animal life—a dead country to all intents and purposes, where in midsummer the temperature soars up to 140°, in some places being almost equally warm at midnight, while at others at this time a slight frost appears. In fact, the temperature is quite as remarkable as the other surroundings, and passage through it at this time is frightful to contemplate, it being almost impassable, except by those who make thorough and careful preparation. We had a cool time in crossing, so the party said; the thermometer showed 110° in the shade. Such a temperature in New York would, in a few hours, result in the death of hundreds by sunstroke; but owing to peculiar climatic conditions, 110° is not more disagreeable on the desert than 90° in the East. But when the mercury mounts to 125° and 130°, as it does sometimes at Siberia, on the Mojave, then the ordinary man weakens. Notwithstanding the terrors of these deserts, prospectors are going over them at all seasons, or skirting the borders of the ranges that surround them, and pretend to think nothing of it. It must be inferred that riches so obtained must be enjoyed. In crossing the Utah Desert, the mirage that so often deceives the traveler was remarkably exhibited.

"The vegetation of the desert, as might be expected, is extremely limited, and the forms that attract the traveler most are the candle cactus, a lofty columnar growth, often taking strange shapes; and the more tree-like yucca, that in the eccentricity of its growth assumes some remarkable shapes, which, at a distance, might be taken for some quaint reptile or gigantic insect crawling over the ground. One of the most curious seen represented an almost perfect arch, the yucca having been blown over, the top entering the ground, while from the middle portion grew a straight branch, apparently like a tree.

"The yucca well illustrates the truth of the adage that there is something in everything. This something is generally discovered by a

Yankee, but in this instance John Bull seems to have taken the prize, and found, comparatively speaking, a gold mine in the desert yucca. Among the foremost searchers after new paper material stands the London *Telegraph*, the company, according to my informant, having agents in almost every new country, on the lookout for material to make new and cheap paper. One of these agents found that the yucca afforded a good pulp, and forthwith proceeded to organize a company, and large tracts of yucca land were bought up, probably at a song, as the ground as it now stands is not worth a cent an acre as ground; and now the destruction of the yucca forests is in progress, there being one redeeming quality, that no drought will ensue.

"The trees are cut down by gangs of men, taken on teams to the crusher, and there made into pulp, and in this condition shipped to England, where the process of converting it into paper is carried on; and the publisher finally sends out the news of the last Chicago riot, or the latest phase of Anglomaniia, to London readers, on paper that grew in California."

A FLOURISHING TOWN IN PALESTINE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the San Francisco *Post*, writing from Palestine, says: "Bethlehem is by far the thriftiest inland town in the whole region, as well as one of the most beautifully situated. Its well-built houses crowd along the crescent of the long hill and down its eastern slope, bordered all around with olive orchards and vineyards. Here, as at Jerusalem, I was impressed by the numbers of new buildings in process of erection. The reason of the thrift of Bethlehem is probably to be found in the character of its population, which is wholly Christian. It is the place where nearly all the fine work in olive-wood and glass is done for the relic trade in Jerusalem. The olive-work is very beautiful, and all sorts of handkerchief-boxes, rulers, paper-cutters, match-safes, pen-holders, napkin-rings, book-racks and small tables can be purchased at a reasonable rate. Rosaries, necklaces and bracelets are quite elegantly made, and the ivory and mother-of-pearl work is tasteful. There is a growing demand for such articles, useful or ornamental, in the United States, and a representative of a large house dealing in olive-wood was present at the New Orleans Exposition and established depots in various parts of the country.

"Everywhere I noticed the marks of industry. A steam-engine, used for grinding grain, makes one street quite Western in its aspect. Small shops for the olive-wood work are scattered all about. It was pleasant to stop and chat with the intelligent-looking workmen, and see their skill in turning out pretty ornaments. All travelers remark upon the beauty of the women of Bethlehem, and with good reason. They are both beautiful and modest, and the children are clever and pretty.

"The greatest attraction of Bethlehem is, of course, the Church of the Nativity, and even those who do not care for the traditions of the spot are interested in what has been rightly considered one of the finest remains of the architecture of the fourth century. Some even claim that this is essentially the original structure of Constantine. Of all the traditions of the Church, many of which are manufactured, this is the one upon which we can put the most credence. Every one must note and admire the good taste with which the church is kept. After the noisy, irreverent and almost blasphemous scenes in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, it was a rest to see the quiet devotion that filled the Grotto of the Nativity."

By an advertisement in another column, Messrs. A. S. Hatch & Co. request holders of Chesapeake and Ohio Currency Bonds, and Bonds of "Series B," to communicate with them. Mr. A. S. Hatch, senior member of this firm, has been identified with these interests for many years. His representations and recommendations to the bondholders are therefore entitled to the favorable consideration of those interested.

FUN.

THE new magazine may not have been demanded by the reading public, but it is undoubtedly needed by the writing public.—*Boston Record*.

A book on etiquette tells "how to tell a man larger than yourself that he is a liar." The best way is to tell him through the telephone and then go out into the country for a few days.—*Evansville Tribune-News*.

"Now, MR. WITNESS," said a Columbus lawyer, "are you willing to solemnly swear that the chair was facing the east? Remember, sir, the awfulness of perjury." Witness: "Well, I won't swear, but I'll bet you \$10 it was."—*Columbus (O.) Dispatch*.

AN EAST BOSTON WOMAN DRAWS A \$15,000 PRIZE.

AN item was published in one of our daily papers the other day, stating that a married woman in East Boston had drawn \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery, and in order to ascertain the facts, our reporter made a trip to the Island Ward on Wednesday last. Upon inquiry he found that the fortunate person was Mrs. Mary E. Holmes, living at 308 Princeton Street. The lady when called upon was rather reticent at first, because, as she explained afterwards, she had so many visitors making idle inquiries about her money, that she had determined to say nothing more about it. She was pleased to acknowledge, however, that the story was true. She received notice of her good luck soon after the drawing, which took place at New Orleans on the 13th instant, and has now got the \$15,000 through the Adams Express Company. She held one-fifth of ticket No. 81,375 which drew the first capital prize of \$75,000. Mrs. Holmes is a woman of between fifty and sixty years of age, the wife of a ship-caulker, and the mother of three or four grown-up children. The family evidently had to live on a slender income, and this windfall of \$15,000 is a fortune to them. The old lady is very much elated over her good luck, and she says the family will now be able to enjoy some luxuries which for many years they had to do without. She has been buying tickets for some time past, when she had a dollar to spare, and feels she is well rewarded. From all appearance, Mrs. Holmes is a thrifty housewife, and there is no doubt the money will be put to a good use. It is unnecessary to say that her good luck has caused quite a sensation among the East Boston folks.—*Boston (Mass.) Commercial and Shipping List*, July 30th.

A BONANZA MINE

OF health is to be found in Dr. R. V. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION," to the merits of which, as a remedy for female weakness and kindred affections, thousands testify.

\$500 NOT CALLED FOR.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. SAGE undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "CATARRH REMEDY," who would never have applied to him if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S law partner, Mr. Ransom; Judge Hyer, of Rahway, N. J.; A. A. Drake, Esq., N. Y. Stock Exchange; Rev. Stephen Merritt, New York, and many others, are witnesses that PALMER'S "SKIN-SUCCESS" is a safe, sure and speedy remedy for skin complaints of every name and degree of severity.

25c. and 75c. Druggists. PALMER & Co., N. Y.

A WONDERFUL FREAK OF NATURE

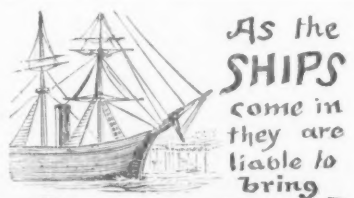
It is sometimes exhibited in our public exhibitions. When we gaze upon some of the peculiar freaks of Nature occasionally indulges in, our minds revert back to the creation of man, "who is so fearfully and wonderfully made." The mysteries of his nature have been unraveled by Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, and through his knowledge of those mysteries he has been able to prepare his "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," which is a specific for all blood-taints, poisons and humors, such as scrofula, pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections. By druggists.

A BOTTLE of ANGSTURA BITTERS, to flavor your Lemonade or any other cold drink with, will keep you free from Dyspepsia, Colic, Diarrhoea, and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine ANGSTURA, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

Bird Manna will restore the song of cage birds and keep them in perfect health. Mailed on receipt of 15c. in stamps. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



As the SHIPS come in they are liable to bring

CHOLERA which attacks people suddenly and without WARNING.

In such cases no medicine is equal to **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER** In INDIA where the CHOLERA is so terrible the natives

WORSHIP **PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER** and call it the **MEDICINE of the GODS**, because it is so wonderful in its cures... It should be in every house... It is invaluable for **CHOLERA MORBUS**, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and all BOWEL Complaints. **Perry Davis & Son, Prop's Providence, R.I.**



Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

The most effective external remedy extant for the cure of Skin Diseases and for Beautifying the Complexion. Caution.—There are counterfeits. Ask for GLENN'S (C. N. CHITTENTON on each packet). Of druggists, 25c; 3 cakes, 60c., mailed on receipt of price, and 3c. extra per cake, by C. N. CHITTENTON, Proprietor, 115 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

THE NEW COMIC BOOK

—CALLED—
SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

—IT CONTAINS—
Forty-eight Pages of Humorous Stories, Jokes, etc., etc.,

—AND—
Over Seventy-five Comic Illustrations by the Best Artists in the World.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

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Prevented, Controlled and Cured by

Lactated Food

It has been successful in hundreds of cases where other prepared foods failed.

FOR NEW-BORN INFANTS,

It may be used with confidence as a safe and complete substitute for mother's milk.

It is a Perfect Nutrient for INVALIDS.

The most nourishing and economical of Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

Easily prepared. Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1. *See* A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free on application. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.



ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress, flatulency, indigestion and too hearty eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial, Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. **CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.** Sold by all Druggists.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. COCOA

R. M. LAMBIE, Manufacturer of All Kinds of BOOK HOLDERS. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. The Most Perfect Dict'y Holder. 136 EAST 13TH ST., NEW YORK.

BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL Stomach Bitters. AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. **L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r, 78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.**

GUARANTEE BEARD ELIXIR

Warranted to force Moustache, Beard, or cure Bald Head, in shortest time. The only pure, safe, reliable. No quick powders. Beautifies skin. One sample sent securely packed for only 10 cents. **FULLER & CO., Lynn, Mass.**

Batchelor's Celebrated Hair Dye.

ESTABLISHED 1831. Best in the world. Harmless! Reliable! Instantaneous! No disappointment! No ridiculous tints, remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; leaves the hair soft and beautiful Black or Brown. Explanatory circulars sent postpaid in sealed envelopes, on application, mentioning this paper. Sold by all druggists. Applied by experts at **Batchelor's Wig Factory, 20 East 10th St., N.Y. City.**

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Salicylates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. **L. A. PARIS & Co., General Agents, 102 West 14th St., New York.**

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL, VIENNA, 1873. **C. WEIS** Mfr of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale and retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 E'way, N.Y. Factories, 60 Walker St., Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.

DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit

Positively Cured. In any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea, or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. **GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. **R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alternative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 83 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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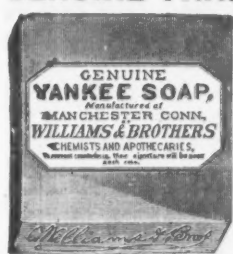
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GENUINE YANKEE SOAP



After half a century is still without an equal, AS A SHAVING SOAP. Its rich, mild and lasting lather leaves nothing to be desired. All Druggists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Samples by Mail, for 12 cts. The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABITS

NO MORE CATARRH. The Great German Remedy is a positive cure. Free sample package and book for 4 cts. in stamps. E. H. MEDICAL CO., East Hampton, Conn.

TO LADIES! Are you Corpulent?

Healthful Flesh Reducer—Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. **NO POISON.** ADIPO-MALENE never fails to permanently develop the Bust and Form. Non-injurious. **BEAUTY** of Face and Form secured to every Lady using our Toilet Regulator. Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads), Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamp or silver) for Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars, etc., by Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co., 2815 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

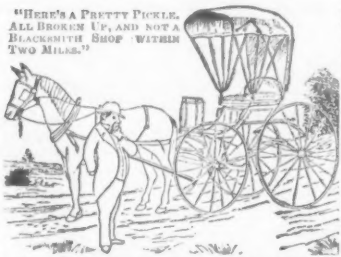
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Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Sent by mail everywhere. Write for circulars to the National Elastic Truss Co., 744 Broadway (Room 1), NEW YORK.

PERFECTION strengthens, enlarges and develops any part of the body. \$1. Nervous debility pills. \$1. postpaid. Address, N. E. MEDICAL INST., No. 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

"HERE'S A PRETTY PIECE, ALL BROKEN UP, AND NOT A BLACKSMITH SHOP WITHIN TWO MILES."



Everything is so arranged as to be at hand for immediate use. All owners or users of horses and buggies should carry one. Price \$3.00. Sent by Express on receipt of price; or will be sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$1.00, balance payable on delivery.

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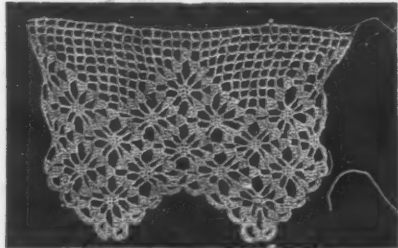
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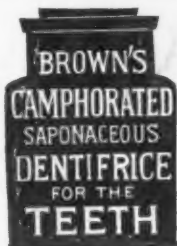
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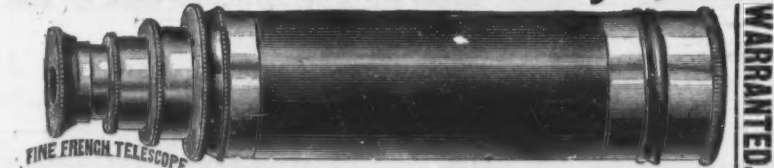
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